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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MARCH 1920

1/6 Net MONTHLY

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	Edith Dart
The Coming of Gabrielle—Act I.	George Moore
The Downfall of Old Europe (II)	Robert Briffault
A Painter's Literature	W. L. George
The Pull in the Blue Room	Gerald Cumberland
American Sidelights on England	Shaw Desmond
As a Grain of Mustard Seed	S. H. McGrady
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Advertisement Supplement

An Appeal to Women.

¶ One standing and unmanageable objection, that of expense, has ever been urged against the arguments in favour of removal of the coal smoke nuisance, says Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E., in an article dealing with "The Coal Smoke Curse and the Nation's New Homes" which appeared in a recent number of "The Common Cause."

The case against the domestic hearth and the kitchen range, continues Dr. Saleeby, "as we know them, was and is complete and unanswerable; certainly what we ought to do was to scrap these obsolete, dirty, wasteful, labour-making, light-destroying appliances, and to refit all our houses in the fashion which is universal in North America.

"But the objection of expense was fatal, and people would not be patient enough to listen to the easy demonstration that the cost of our present methods in coal, money, light, labour, life, is immeasurably greater than anything that the complete re-conditioning of the nation's houses would involve. So the objection, though invalid, was unmanageable."

After urging readers, especially the women who make our homes and maintain our race, to get into touch with the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, 25 Victoria Street, S.W.1, Dr. Saleeby refers them for the American evidence to the issues for August, September, and December, 1919, of *The Landmark,* the journal of the English Speaking Union, Howard House, Lennox Street, Strand, W.C.2.

"In America," continues the Doctor, "they have long had what, with obliquity and superficiality of vision, we call the 'servant problem.' And they have solved it, not as we should like to solve it, by getting a plentiful supply of servants at low wages, but by constructing their houses so as to reduce the need for domestic service to an absolute minimum."

The reader will find many valuable details in the articles above cited. The foremost fact is that the kitchen range is unknown. The gas-cooker is universal.

Here is the final conclusion of the article, which should be read by every woman in the country.

"There are many kinds of economy; but none is so deep, so precious, so vital as that which the word exactly means—the law of the house. The economy of economies is the wise use of the energy of Woman as Mother and Foster-Mother, maker of the home and of the race which, as has been proved by many ghastly experiments, can be reared nowhere else. I ask the women of this country to choose now between drudgery, disablement, dirt, and disease, as hitherto, or light and cleanliness and leisure, such as their sisters across the seas already enjoy."

THREE LECTURES

on

THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF THE PEACE TREATY

by W. E. ARNOLD FORSTER.

FRIDAYS, MARCH 12th, 19th, 26th, at 8 p.m. MORTIMER HALL, MORTIMER ST., W.

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From the ORGANISER, WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE, 14 Bedford Row, W.C.1.

Mr. Stanley Unwin, *of the well-known firm of Messrs. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., writes, Dec.* 19, 1919.

My present "*Waterman*" has been my inseparable companion both at home and abroad for well over 10 years. It has been tried in the balance, but it has never been found wanting. Few things I possess have stood the test of constant use so well; still fewer proved of greater service, and none more indispensable.

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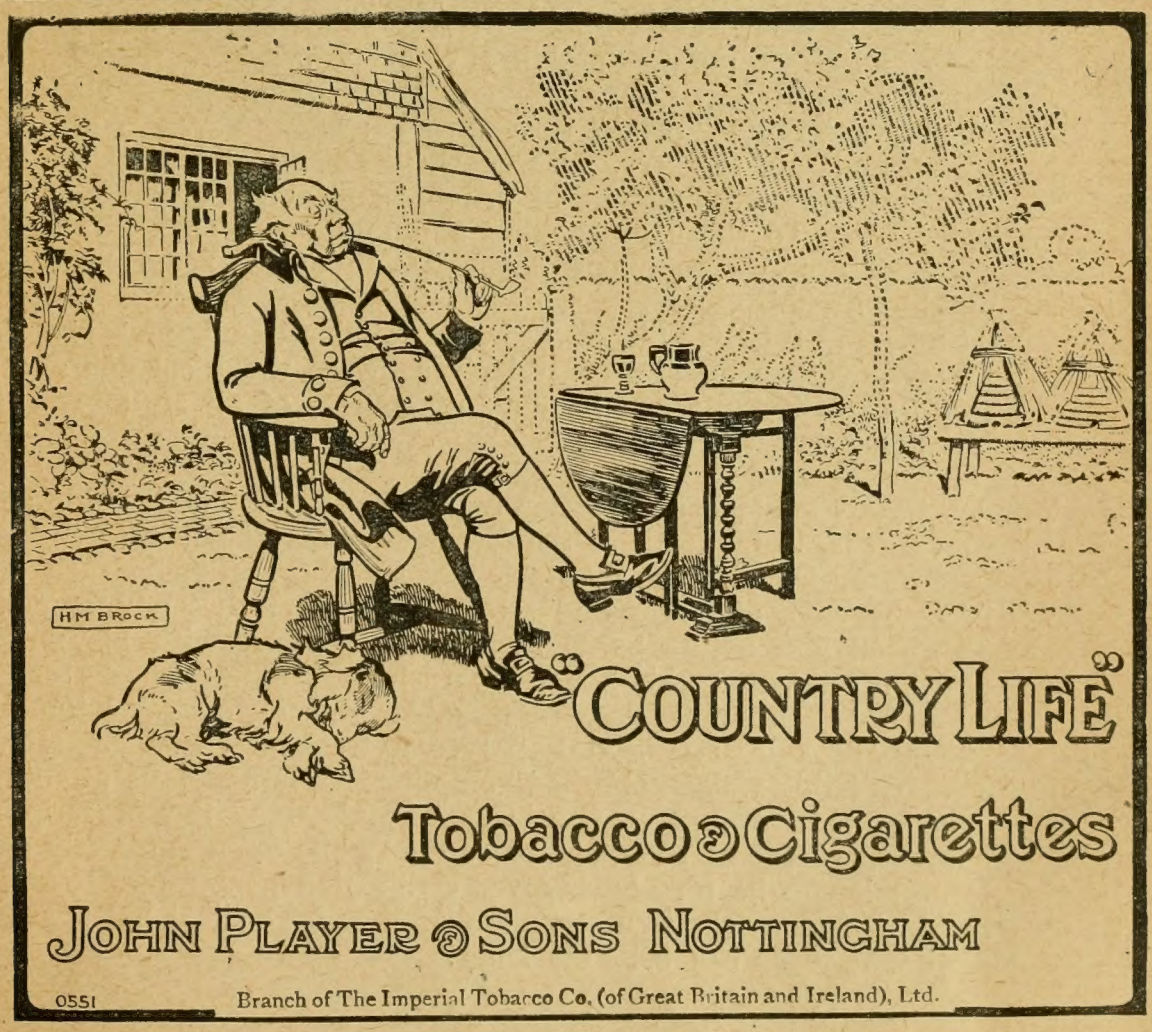
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¶ *Thé Dansants* are still as popular as ever, this pleasant form of amusement appealing to most people. For these occasions the daintiest and most fascinating frocks have been designed by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, W. They are exclusive in style, being made by their own skilled workers; also quite inexpensive—a great consideration, these days. For example, for 6½ guineas one can get a charming tea-frock in *crêpe de Chine*, with chiffon or *ninon* sleeves and vest to match. The new style of skirt with three hip frills is finished at the waist with a belt of *crêpe de Chine*. It can be had in flame, amethyst, old rose, grey, Saxe, mole, purple, pink, jade, emerald, yellow, and black.

A very effective tea-frock in chiffon taffeta in a large range of colours is moderately priced at 5½ guineas. This has a new pannier skirt, slightly caught in at the foot, the dainty little bodice being edged with quillings of the same silk. One frock in silk Georgette in a beautiful range of shades and black is particularly charming. It is lined throughout with the same material, the new full skirt being slightly caught in at the foot. The bodice and skirt are trimmed with self picot-edged ruchings, and it has a ribbon sash with loops at each side. This is priced at £5 19s. 6d.

These are only a few examples of other equally attractive models to be seen at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's *salons*.

The Pen's Long Trail.

¶ Reading and Writing are the great explorers, for we know our wonderful world from the written and printed word rather than from travel, and our pens are journeymen of long journeys over acres of the paper surface of our lives. This being so, it is plain that the pen should be a ready, easy, and familiar part of ourselves, and since the advent of the fountain pen we are furnished, and the sole difficulty is in selecting the best from amongst the good. The desiderata are comfort, durability, and safety—comfort from the right point, durability from proper construction, and safety from leaks or faulty feed. These qualities are embodied in the Waterman "Ideal" fountain pen: easy to write with, easy to fill, and safe to carry, with no weak point to break at the first jar, and every contingency of pen life and pen use carefully provided for. To those purchasing a fountain pen as a gift or for personal use, we commend consideration of these excellences in making a choice.

The name of L. G. Sloan, Ltd., is familiar to all, and The Pen Corner, Kingsway, is a central place to see the Ideal pen and to test its quality. It can be had, of course, of all stationers and jewellers, everywhere.

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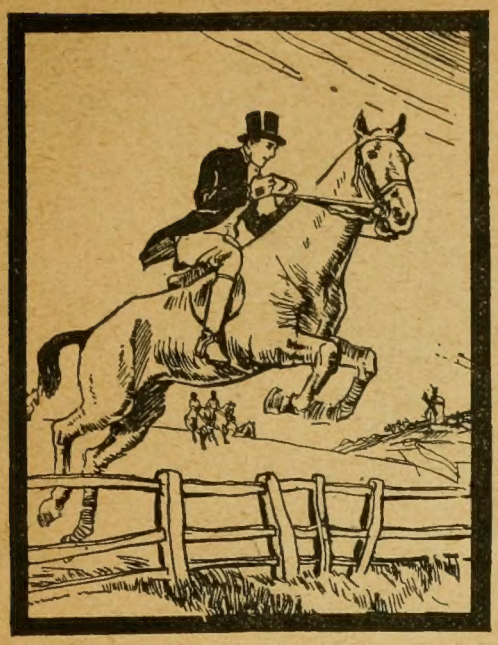
¶ Amongst the efficient remedies for baldness "Tatcho" holds high place; it is, in fact, one of the few new words of power; generally recognised by all those men and women who are losing their hair in these days of stress and strain. The fact that a personality so gifted and astute as Mr. George R. Sims, with his unique position amongst his contemporaries, is the guarantor of "Tatcho's" genuine and remarkable powers of renewing the growth of hair, and giving nature a fresh start, is enough to commend this well-established compound to our serious attention. Thanks to a competent business organisation, the prescription has been placed at the disposal of the public upon extremely easy terms; it can be found wherever civilisation penetrates, ready to hand, and many thousand men and women bear silent but constant testimony to its beneficial efficiency.



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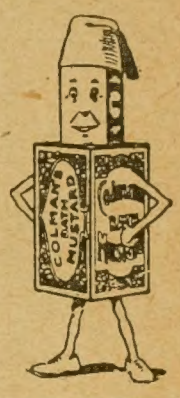
FOR the most perfect feeling of luxurious contentment, get into a hot mustard bath after a hard day in the field.



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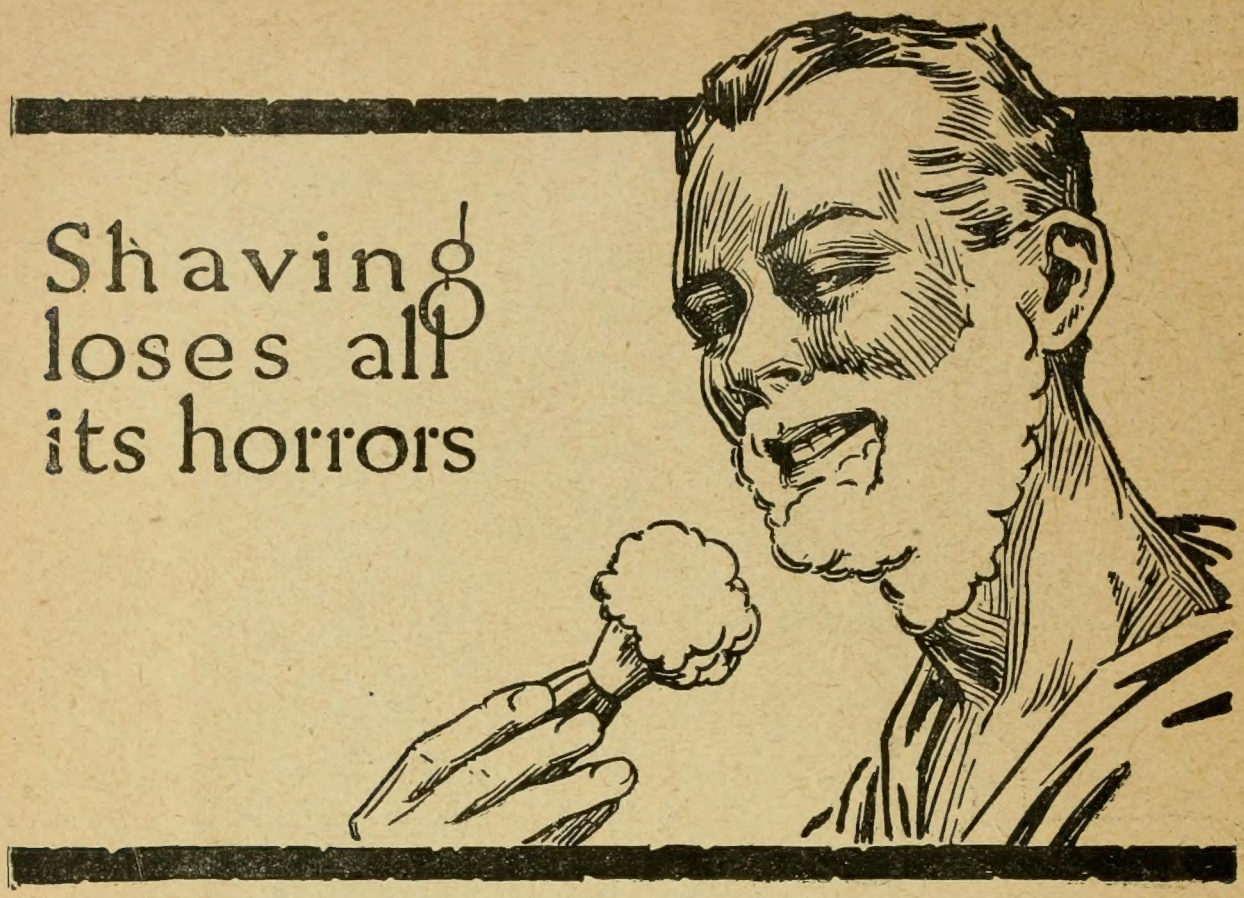

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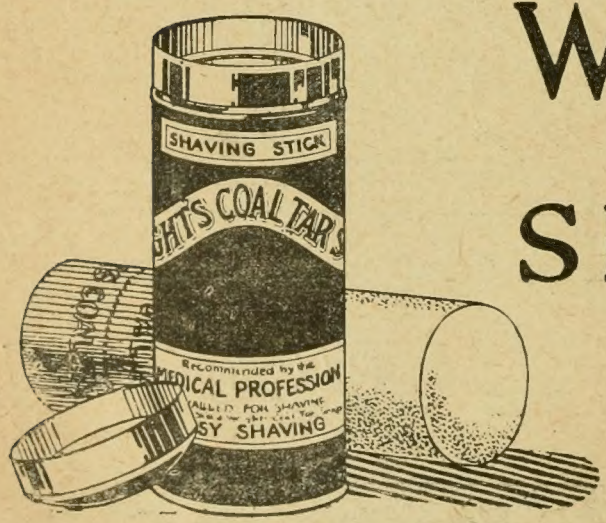

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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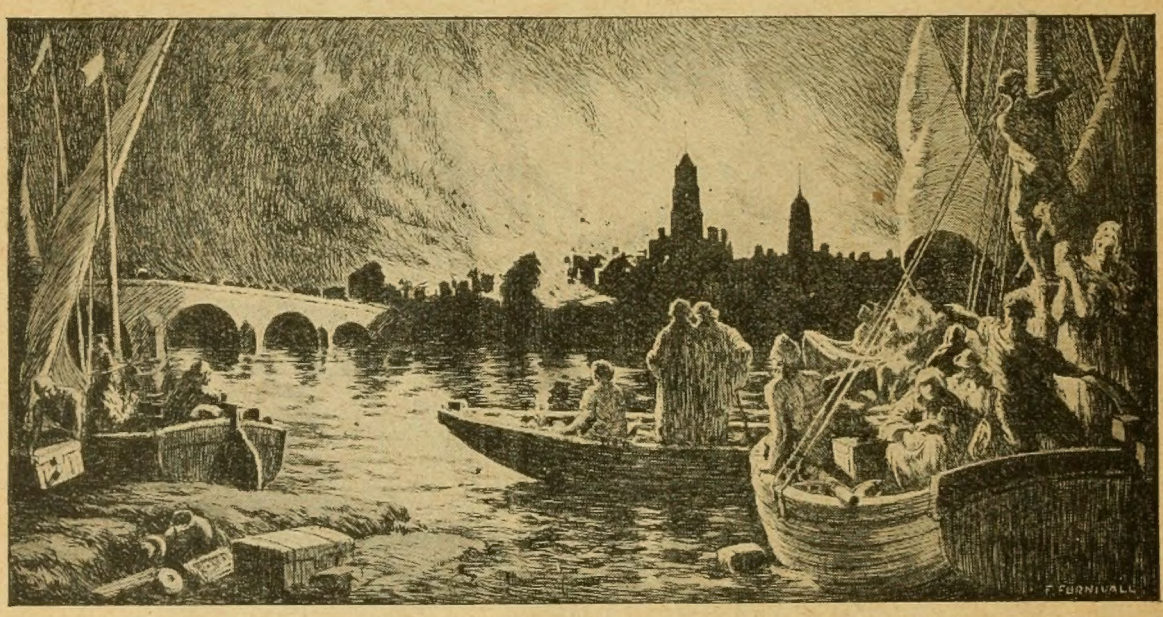

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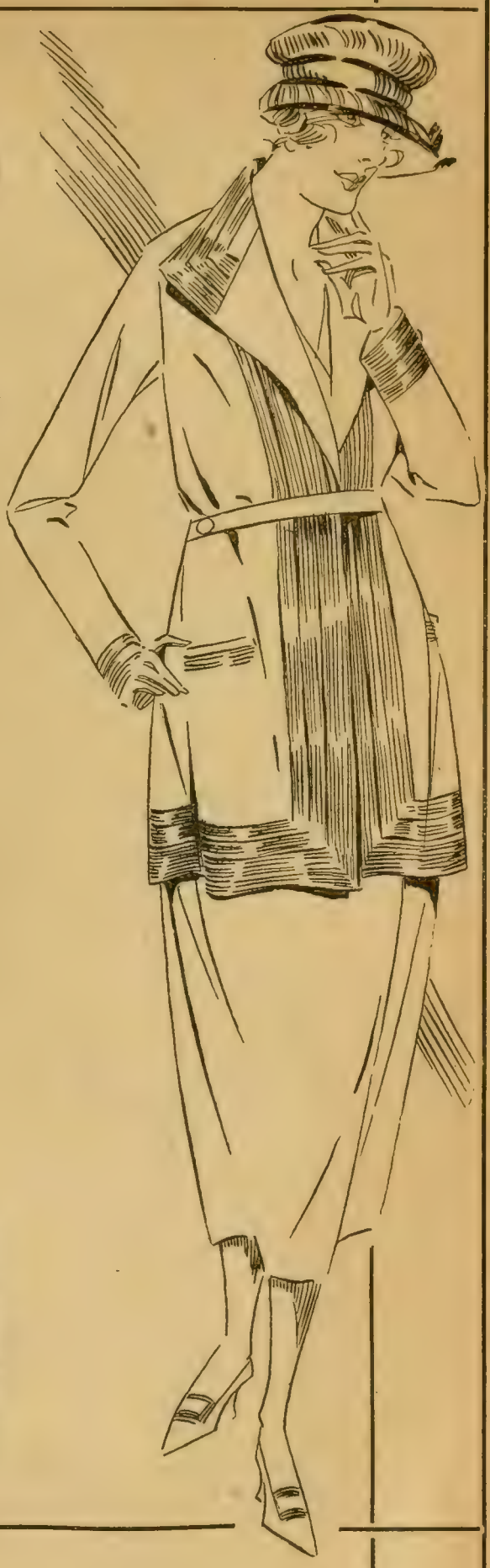

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"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho. Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at **1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.**

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by] [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

CONTRIBUTORS—MARCH ISSUE.

Mr. HENRY CHAPPELL is the now well-known Railwayman Poet, author of the poem "The Day."

Mr. GEORGE MOORE is, of course, George Moore who in this Number has already broken his vows of non-competitive chastity.

Mr. W. L. GEORGE is the author of various highly controversial novels.

Mr. GERALD CUMBERLAND is the author of "Set Down in Malice," and other works in prose and poetry.

Mr. McGRADY, just demobilised, appears to be a coming writer.

Mr. SHAW DESMOND, the author of "Democracy," a book well known in America, was a business man and contested Battersea against John Burns in 1910.

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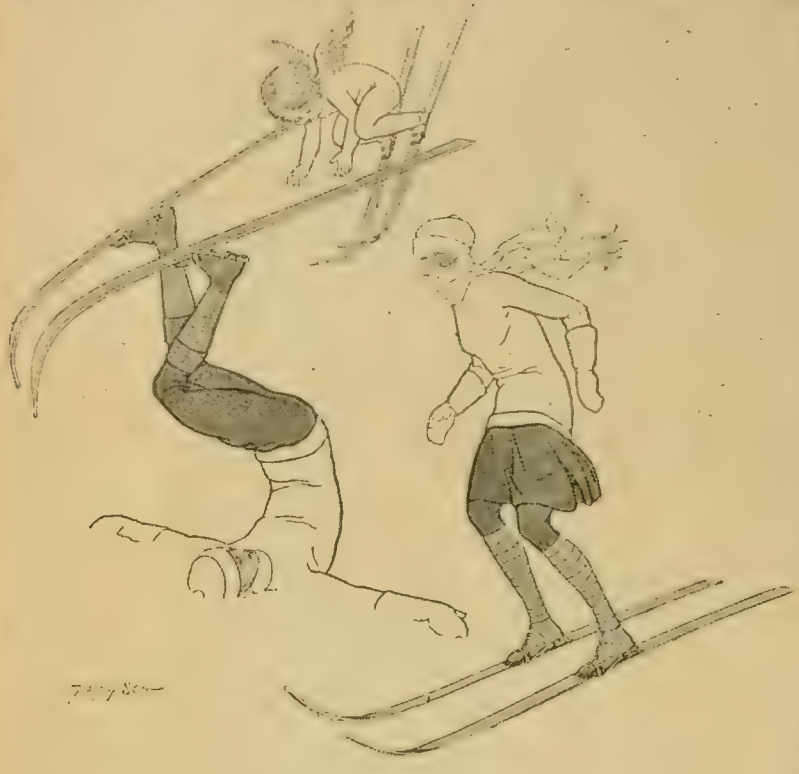
STARCH AND SMUGNESS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



FIRST AID

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in Colour, 17" by 12" at 1s. each.

I HATE Starch . . . almost as much as Smugness Starch irritates me physically almost as much as Smugness irritates me mentally.

Why do we still submit to its arrogant interference with the joy of our nightly jazz? It is the fashion now to wear soft silk collars by day. Why not by night?

To me the starched rag is typical of a hypocritical morality. That is probably why it was so favoured by the virgin Elizabeth

I can understand its appeal to old men. The artificially created stiffness may stimulate their limp imagination.

Personally, I hate the influence of Starch on the mentality. I hate its essential stupidity. I hate its attitude. I hate its religion. I even hate it as a food.

* * *

Perhaps the one good thing Armageddon brought in its train was the temporary deposition of Starch. Starch, it was declared, was unpatriotic, and not even its most fervent devotee dare appear in public with his stomach plastered, or his neck encircled with a valuable foodstuff without the risk of being accused of starving the women and children.

So the soft shirt and soft collar crept into the smuggest of dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, in which the great Victorian tradition still dragged out its smug and stuffy existence.

And the optimists among us began to say "At last Starch is in his proper place—the kitchen." But we had yet to reckon with the allies of Starch. Those twin gods of Respectability and Convention leaned out from their Victorian Olympus and heard the cry of the dethroned monarch.

"Be of good cheer," they bellowed blandly, "we have still power amongst mortals Wait and see." And then at last the war came to a weary end, and the great Peace struggle convulsed the world.

* * * * * * * * *

The time was at hand.

Peripatetic suites rallied to the aid of Starch, and involved the old Victorian gods of respectability. Smugness—coupled always with the name of Starch.

The ideal attire for the male, they cried in chorus, and must include a "stout, sensible" mackintosh, a "stout, sensible" umbrella, "stout, sensible" boots, and "stout sensible" Starch.

That is masculine, that is virile, that is respectable.

So once anew plaster your bosoms with foodstuffs, festoon your necks with rags soaked in it, and the dear old gods will fold their arms and smile their blessing.

* * * * * * * * *

But the world of to-day is weary of tyranny in any shape or form, and has actually begun to question laws which were assumed as rigid, even if as meaningless, as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The world had begun to ask, "Why?" And the tyrant god can only bluster and bray, "Because it's so respectable."

Is starch comfortable? No. Is it decorative? No. Does it amuse one? No Has a starched linen collar any advantage which a soft silk one does not possess? No. Then why in the name of all the gods at once reiterate blindly, "Starch is so respectable."

Queen Anne was respectable, but Queen Anne is dead.

* * * * * * * * *

This trifling tirade is probably the outcome of my collar being a little tight, at the same time as myself.

Arresting, however, the mental flights of material things which are no concern of Pope and Bradley, I may mention that my House follows no "convention" in the style of its productions. That is why it has achieved success. Lounge suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1920

The World's Desire

By Henry Chappell

Grave clods fall with a hollow sound,
What beyond? What beyond?
Sad eyes ask of the tumbled mound,
What beyond?
Saint and sinner the same dark bed,
Earth beneath them and earth o'erhead,
Sleep they only, or are they DEAD?
What beyond? What beyond?

* * * * *

Now fall the fetters that so long have bound
The wingèd steed to pawings of the earth,
Striking some feeble spark, or leaden sound
From out materialism's arid dearth.
Now fall the fetters, and that spur "you must"
No longer has a point wherewith to goad
Unwilling feet to pound the dreary dust
Of an unlovely, and an unloved road.

No all-compelling voice I must obey
Breaks now upon the minstrelsy of dreams,
Untimely born in stress of crowded day;
Untimely dead, and lost in sterner themes.
Free now to flout that grim remorseless dial
Whose metal fingers portioned out the sands
So few mine own, so many for the trial
Diurnal levied on the brain and hands.

Now! now for flight on wings that never yet
Beat loftier air than some mean hillock's height,
To where the cold disdainful stars have set
Their lamps along the corridors of Night;
Sweep thro' the shining aisles, perchance to hear
Forbidden music of celestial strain
Half understood, of majesty austere,
The lovely echo of a truth made plain.

A truth some inner sense hath seen or heard,
Lisping in thunder, dim in blinding flame;
By voice of many waters faint averred,
A truth that is,—for which man has no name.
Whereof the very shadow lights the hills
With glory more of feeling than of sight,
As some grand chord that tremulously thrills
The soul in heavy silences of night.

Beneath shall fade the stars that mocking hung
On high their luring censers of cold fires
Whose embers, spilling, o'er the earth world flung
A mantle of unrest and vague desires.
Wherein souls groped unsure of what they sought—
The old, old quest, the never gotten prize;
The unattainable, so nearly caught
By longing fingers, seen by longing eyes.

Upward, to larger suns, and purer rays
Than time-bound dreams of longing ever knew
On wings elate, that shake the nights and days
Off in their pulsing light as beads of dew;
Nor fear that I, like Icarus, may fall
But thro' immensities of ether wing
A god, unshackled from the mundane thrall
That drifts beneath a misty, vapid thing.

Up! Past new worlds of radiance serene,
Of lofty summits and translucent seas,
And lordly rivers, sinuous between
The twilight shadows of umbrageous trees;
From out whose cloistered cool there thrills and falls
Mellifluous the strain of unseen choirs,

As tho' o'er some lost harp in madrigals
The very soul of music soft suspires.

Up! Midst a thousand lustrous rolling spheres
And livid moons, that pass in vapours wan;
Flame-crested meteors, hurled as fiery spears
By phantom spearmen, glimmer and are gone.
Cities of light, whose crystal turrets rear
Lucent in azure ambience, and cast
Shadows, that are not shade, all pearly clear
On mirrors of deep waters, moveless, vast.

Unutterably lonely, dead worlds roll
In ghostly shrouds of pale phosphoric fire
As blinded things that still pursue a goal—
The unattainable, the world's desire.
Stars that have withered drift, and comets pale
That squandered life in one tremendous flight
Red plumed, and mocking at the ramparts frail,
And bastions sombre of the walls of Night.

Nor here to linger—still the great Unknown
Beckons and calls, the old resistless pow'r
That shades the sceptred glories of a throne,
Or gilds the beggar's squalor for an hour;
That draws the feet of men to wastes of fear
Dismal and frozen, or, on high emprise
Where deserts burn, and brazen heavens sear—
Or calls from caverns cool of star-lit skies.

Calls, siren sweet, and whom, or what, shall bind,
Or pinions curb in their triumphant might
Of that imperial mystery, the mind,
Or limit set to its imperial flight?
Not skies that it has charted star by star,
Nor sunless netherworld of chasms drear,
Nor waters midway lain, command—so far!
Mind knows no boundaries of there or here.

And from its essence, must by conquest grow
Crescent in puissance, until, soon or late,

For good or ill it spans the gulf of woe,
And rapes the secret of the Ultimate.
And why not I, on virgin wings that soar
Midst living worlds and dead, and blest, or cursed,
Adventure all to gain the greater lore,
And of all æons, learn the secret first?

Wings, and a boundless kingdom mine at last!
Of cloudy continents and tow'ring snows,
Beyond whose silent outposts, brooding, vast,
The dual crown may wait, who knows, who knows?
A god in freedom, mortal in desire,
The Unknown calls and—know I will, or be—
Another log to feed that royal pyre
Reserved for failures by Divine decree.

Wild vaunt! The finer air no longer stays
The beat of wings in flush of youth grown old,
Nor serves to poise, as, down abysmal ways,
Darkness, tremendous, as a sea is rolled,
By lightnings heralded, and sounding lyre
Of winds that sweep tumultuously by;
Warders of Fate, that hurl me in their ire
Far down the shaken purlieus of the sky.

While, from the 'whelming cataracts of gloom.
With flutt'ring cerements all dank and sere
New risen from its old forgotten tomb
There drifts the ghost of ev'ry paltered year.
From sockets cavernous their sad eyes burn
Thro' film of grave dews on, as quenchless brands
Into mine own, as, each in dreadful turn
With dumb accusing,—shows its empty hands.

Mists, and the dial, and old unlovely craft,
Dust of the highways smirching wings that soared,
And for the living springs I would have quaffed,
I drain the cup by Failure's hand outpoured.
The silence of dead worlds for golden speech,
For dual crown, drab days and nights of gloom;
Potent the mind is,—impotent to reach
Beyond the mocking dumbness of a tomb.

Not all the savants with their psychic lore,
  Nor wizards who can chain the levin's soul
And bid it light the heaven's secret floor,
  Or waft leviathans from pole to pole;
Or hurl the bonded death by finger touch
  Thrice ten score leagues, and see when sight is blind,
Nor these, nor all their works can strike so much
  As one scintilla from the world behind.

So must we take the great Beyond on trust,
  Believing good, since other things are worse,
Accepting boon or bane because we must,
  Returning thanks for blessing, and for curse.
Uncertain always, whether curst or blest,
  It matters little, here we dance the same,
Welcoming, speeding, hosts of time, and guest;
  Veriest motes that fleck the central flame.

Knowing the what we are and nothing more,
  How better shall we fare than laugh, and live,
Till the gaunt Usurer claim our little store
  Of breath, since nothing else we have to give?
When thrones and hovels equal in degree
  Yield to pale fingers rags and ermined robe
And Azrael breaking, bonding, setting free!
  Into a fathom packs the solid globe.

Take it on trust, nor heed that fiery pit
  Beloved by pedagogues of ancient schools
To scare what little there remained of wit
  In the poor hapless victims of their rules,
"Be good; or burn in everlasting flame"!
  So teach a thousand Christian fanes to-day,
The God of Love, for glory of His Name,
  Damning the creature whom He taught to pray.

Aye! bring the book, quote chapter, line and verse,
  Eden and serpent, paradise and hell,
Flood, plague and tempest, ev'ry single curse
  Promised or proven that you know so well.

Prove by man's eye, and weave consummate tales
About occasion as the need demands,
Balance infinity by mortal scales,
Appraise the book by virtue of its bands.

So many tomes of erudition bound,
So many wrangles in their wisdom lain,
So many issues that themselves confound,
So many winds to vex the troubled vane,
So many captains dazed by warring gleams,
So many argos drifting on the sands,
So many voices eloquent with themes,
So many truths,—that no one understands.

Let strive who will o'er dogma, cult and creed,
Of stark simplicity,—monition terse,
In each man's soul, a book is writ to read
For him alone, in all the universe.
I, who presumptuous soared, and chastened fell,
Have learned to read within the page lain bare
A hope of Heaven, not a dread of hell
How others read, is theirs, not mine, to care.

So will I not believe a monstrous thing!
The God creating but to blast His own.
Believing this, what faith remained, I'd fling
To less repulsive gods of wood or stone.
I have a larger sense, not lightly told
Of that Great Pow'r so light invoked by man,
A deeper awe of myst'ries manifold,
A firmer faith in some stupendous plan.

For I have heard the song the waters sung,
And caught the burden of the harp that thrills
The midnight silences, immortal strung,
And I have seen the light upon the hills.
So will I vex no more a weary soul,
But take the yoke and tread the destined mire,
Unlovely ways may reach a lovely goal
Beyond the portal of the World's Desire.

Dust of Macedonia

(1918)

By Trevor Allen

I

Ever, I taste your dust between my teeth.
It clings about the nostrils, blinds the eyes,
And lingers subtly in the touch of things. . . .

Dust is the fevered breath of this parched land.
On arid hill-tracks where the convoys wind,
On roads where limbers jolt, and marching men
Blink in the glare, and spit, and stumble on,
Even from the withered grasses of the plain,
It lifts in clouds, like smoke before the sun,
Burdens the heat, and clogs the track unending.

And when those dry winds from the Vardar sweep
The land is blinded by a drifting shroud.
Camps are engulphed. Wayfaring mules and men
Blunder, unseeing, while the dust-storm rages.

II

In your dust, O land time-worn, is the tang of Death,
In your dust is the odour of dying things, and dead;
Old wars, old creeds, old tyrannies lade your breath;
Dust of dead villages, dust of the men who bled.

These; and your untilled lands where roots decay;
Your febrile swamps, your flowers of burnt-up Springs—
They rot in the dust our young lives breathe to-day;
In the ancient dust that to our bodies clings.

Dear dust of England, too, your dust will be
Where whitened crosses in the fierce light gleam—
Dust of my comrades I no more may see. . . .
Even so. The Faith, the Home-love, and the Dream—

These will be England's own, eternally.

A Song

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

I

I BUILT a palace out of dreams,
A garden out of sighs;
And gave them unto Nicolette
For love of her shy eyes.
Yet both these gifts were hers of right,
Since both from her did rise.

II

She caused the spinning of the dream,
Though when the dream was spun,
Marvelled to see its palace walls
Gleam white beneath the sun.
And Nicolette, she dwells there now,
Within the dream I spun.

Not Yet

By Edith Dart

SOMEDAY I'll know again, maybe,
All that once made Spring rich for me
Strange sense of beauty's leaping thrill
At the first budding daffodil,
Swift echo of the blackbird's song
Within the heart; the sudden throng
Of bud and flower the whole wood through
As when . . . I walked it, once . . . with you.
Surely I shall be glad again
For April meadows after rain,
For hawthorns white along the lea,
Sky bluer than a summer sea.
When years have gone, will earth not show
Once more her treasures 'neath the snow,
Waking my heart with crocus gold
Against the darkness of the mould?
Shall I rejoice then o'er and o'er
In the great bounty of Earth's store?
Maybe . . someday . . . when I forget.
Not yet, belovèd, ah! not yet!

The Coming of Gabrielle

By George Moore

121 Ebury Street,
February 10th.

[Dear Austin Harrison,—

Some years ago I wrote a comedy, and, although I did not succeed in persuading myself (not entirely) that I had succeeded in getting my idea on to paper, I allowed the Stage Society to perform it. The performance did not alter my feeling about the comedy; it was in action exactly the same as it was on paper—a good idea for a comedy, but not a work. A miscarriage is always a sad business, and, while regretting that I had not been true to my instinct and cast the script into the waste-paper basket, I continued to mourn. The opportunity of retrieving a mistake usually comes to those that mourn it, and a few months ago Miss Aureal Lee asked me if she might act the play in America, and I answered her that as my idea had failed to take shape, any further publicity of my failure would be intolerable to me, and I tried to make plain to her a number of things with which I need not weary you. The end of our talk was that next morning I began a new play on the same theme, calling it *The Coming of Gabrielle,* the best translation I can manage for *Gabrielle s'anonce.* In *The Coming of Gabrielle* I am quite certain that my idea is upon the paper; while admitting this, you may think the idea is not of much account, but an idea that has been completely realised cannot be dismissed as valueless. A Chelsea figure is a very pretty thing, and the claim I make for *The Coming of Gabrielle* is not more and not less than that it is excellent Chelsea.

Very sincerely yours,
George Moore.]

Note.—This Comedy does not seem to me suited exactly to the present time; it would be better to throw it back a few years into the 'sixties or the 'eighties—in other words, into the crinoline or bustle period. Gabrielle speaks of her age, saying she is twenty-seven. If the period chosen be '62, Gabrielle would be born in 1835; if the period chosen be '82, Gabrielle would be born in 1855.

CHARACTERS:

Lewis Davenant, *a man of letters living in a provincial town.*
Sebastian Dayne, *his cousin and secretary.*
Jim Godby, *a sailor, second mate of the "Hannah Maria."*
Mr. Meyer, *a translator of Mr. Davenant's works.*
Lord Carra, *a sportsman.*
Lady Letham, *an admirer of Mr. Davenant's works.*
Martin, *a parlourmaid.*

And

Gabrielle, *the Countess von Hoenstadt.*

ACT I.—Mr. Davenant's Drawing-room in Rockminster.
ACT II.—The Library at Claremont Villa.
ACT III.—The same as Act I.

Lewis Davenant's *drawing-room.* Sebastian *is discovered when the curtain rises. He rings. Enter* Martin.

Sebastian. Are there many people in the parlour?
Martin. I think there are still five, sir.

SEBASTIAN. And the sailor, is he still there?

MARTIN. Yes, sir; he refuses to leave.

SEBASTIAN. I suppose there's nothing for it but to see him.

(*A moment after* MARTIN *announces* MR. GODBY.)

GODBY. One has to wait for the tide, but one gets into port at last. (*On catching sight of* SEBASTIAN.) Ah! I suppose you've been waiting for the tide, too?

SEBASTIAN. I am always in port, and often wishing the tide would take me out of port. You see, Mr. Godby, I'm Mr. Davenant's secretary.

GODBY. I'm glad to hear it, for you'll be able to tell me if Mr. Davenant is coming down.

SEBASTIAN. He may come down.

GODBY. What do you mean by "he may come down"? To-day is 'is at 'ome day, ain't it?

SEBASTIAN. I didn't say that Mr. Davenant wouldn't come down.

GODBY. But he must come down to receive 'is visitors.

SEBASTIAN. He begged of me, in his unavoidable absence——

GODBY. Unavoidable?

SEBASTIAN. You know, Mr. Godby—or perhaps you do not know—that Mr. Davenant is exceedingly busy just now. He feels that he must make some alterations in the play that is going to be performed at Vienna, and as soon as you have left, and all the other gentlemen and ladies in the parlour, he will ask me to copy the new text; and whilst his valet is packing up his trunks he will be walking up and down the room, back and forth, meditating further changes. . . . I beg you to believe, Mr. Godby, that we have not a moment to lose.

GODBY. I don't understand much of all you're saying. I only know I've been told that he's always at 'ome Tuesdays.

SEBASTIAN. Martin was wrong to say as much. Mr. Davenant does receive visitors on Tuesdays sometimes—I may go so far as to say generally—but to-day he is very busy. I've spoken to you of the alterations he is making in his play, and, of course, there is his luggage, which, although in the hands of a capable valet, requires Mr. Davenant's personal supervision. But as I am his secretary, I may ask if you have come on literary business, to speak to him about one of his books, or about *Elizabeth Cooper*, the play. You've heard about it, no doubt.

GODBY. Heard about it! My wife never talks of nothing else but Elizabeth Cooper.

SEBASTIAN. Ah! then it is about *Elizabeth Cooper* that you wish to see Mr. Davenant?

GODBY. I must see him. I have come up from Southampton.

SEBASTIAN. I'm really very sorry, Mr. Godby. Your wife is only one among thousands who would like to speak to Mr. Davenant about his famous novel, and in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Davenant I beg that you will tell me——

GODBY. Tell you my business, young man! Now, is it likely?—or didn't you 'ear me say that I'd come up from Southampton?

SEBASTIAN. That's nothing of a journey, Mr. Godby—a mere matter of a couple of hundred miles. People come much farther than that to see Mr. Davenant.

GODBY. Do they, now?—and go away without seeing him, maybe? But I'm not one of them crew, and when I tell you that I was spliced three weeks come Tuesday, and 'ave come up here on the wife's business, you may bet the last shot in your locker that I am pretty keen to see Mr. Davenant, and mean to speak to him as man to man.

SEBASTIAN. To speak to Mr. Davenant as man to man!

GODBY. Them's my sailing orders, and it needs no spy-glass to see that you ain't got a wife, Mr. Secretary, else you'd know without my

telling that none but a fool would go out on his wife's very particular business and return home with nothing more interestin' to tell her than that he had seen Secretary.

SEBASTIAN. Mr. Davenant is engaged in making certain alterations in his play——

GODBY. I've heard enough of those alterations.

SEBASTIAN. His valet is packing his luggage——

GODBY. I've heard about the luggage——

SEBASTIAN. Our time will be completely occupied till the carriage comes to take him to the station. I do hope you will understand how impossible it is for Mr. Davenant to see you; and as there are three other people waiting to see me in the parlour, you will excuse me, Mr. Godby.

GODBY. I shall wait.

(*He goes out.* SEBASTIAN *rings. Enter* MARTIN.)

SEBASTIAN. How many did you say were in the waiting-room?

MARTIN. Two gentlemen and a lady, sir.

SEBASTIAN. Show the lady up.

(*A few moments after* MARTIN *announces* LADY LETHAM, *a young and pretty woman about thirty, of almost ecstatic gaze and gait.*)

LADY LETHAM. So this is his room—the room in which he writes! Letters, books—his books, and the books he reads! Pictures, manuscripts in the cupboards, no doubt. Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; I did not know anybody was here. You're waiting for Mr. Davenant?

SEBASTIAN. I am his secretary. Won't you sit down? I am at your service.

LADY LETHAM. Mr. Davenant will come down presently?

SEBASTIAN. Mr. Davenant leaves for Vienna this evening to attend the rehearsals of his play *Elizabeth Cooper,* which is to be produced, as I daresay you have heard, at Vienna.

LADY LETHAM. So *Elizabeth Cooper* is going to be played at last?

SEBASTIAN. Yes; and the performance will be a great literary event. Mr. Davenant's Continental reputation is growing day by day. You've read the novel?

LADY LETHAM. Of course; that book is always by my bedside. But I have not heard of the play. You see, I've just come up from my country home far away in Westmorland, where we live, my husband and I, in a peaceful, almost pastoral, retreat within view of beautiful mountain ranges. I should like Mr. Davenant to see our landscape, for I'm sure it would inspire him. I have described it in my letters, and as you are his secretary you have perhaps heard my name—Lady Letham.

SEBASTIAN. Mr. Davenant will be so sorry to miss seeing you.

LADY LETHAM. Could he not spare a few minutes?

SEBASTIAN. He would like to, but if he did he'd certainly miss his train.

LADY LETHAM. He must not do that. I am staying, not many miles from here, with my sister, Lady Ewhurst, at Charming Dean, and shall hope to see Mr. Davenant when he returns.

SEBASTIAN. You spoke of some letters you wrote to Mr. Davenant. If you'll allow me, I will look out your name. (*He goes to the writing-table and turns over the papers.*) You wrote to him on the 22nd of last month, and again on the 25th. The third letter—I am sure there was a third, but I cannot lay hand upon it.

LADY LETHAM. I thought I put "personal" on the envelopes.

SEBASTIAN. That is just why I read your letters. I read all Mr. Davenant's personal correspondence.

LADY LETHAM. Oh! How is one, then, to correspond directly with Mr. Davenant?

SEBASTIAN. You must write to him on postcards.

LADY LETHAM. But on a postcard it is impossible to explain——

SEBASTIAN. But on several——

LADY LETHAM. It seems to me, sir, that you're laughing at me.

SEBASTIAN. I hope, Lady Letham, that you do not think me guilty of such impoliteness?

LADY LETHAM. No, not exactly laughing at me; I exaggerated. Quizzing, perhaps?

SEBASTIAN. I beg of you, Lady Letham, to believe that no such thought entered my mind. It is about *Elizabeth Cooper* that you wish to speak to Mr. Davenant?

LADY LETHAM. Yes; but since you assure me he is busy——

SEBASTIAN. Lady Letham, I assure you.

LADY LETHAM. I will promise not to detain him for more than a few minutes. Say that I will not detain him for more than five.

SEBASTIAN. I should be delighted to oblige you, Lady Letham, but I beg you to believe that I dare not approach him just now. He is in the room above us, walking to and forth, chewing his words. Believe me, it will be very much better——

LADY LETHAM. For me to write another letter? But will you promise me to see that he receives it and that he reads it?

SEBASTIAN. On the word of honour of his cousin, Sebastian Dayne.

LADY LETHAM. Thank you, Mr. Dayne. On thinking it over, it seems to me that I might do worse than to confide to you my little project. Mr. Davenant has not written a long work for some years. He publishes a volume of delightful stories now and then, and some critical articles from a new and original point of view, altogether delightful——

SEBASTIAN. Profound.

LADY LETHAM. True. But are you not of my opinion that it is regrettable that he does not apply himself to a long work? Perhaps he is doing so; you are his secretary, and can tell me. We, his admirers, are waiting for a long, long work from Mr. Davenant.

SEBASTIAN. May I ask, if you have a suggestion to make, if you have in mind a theme that you would like Mr. Davenant to treat?

LADY LETHAM. I am afraid, Mr. Dayne, that you still continue in your quizzical humour, and that you are under the impression that you are talking with some innocent little blue-stocking come up from her country residence in Westmorland. If that be so, I assure you you are mistaken. I am no blue-stocking; I do not care for the colour. My stockings are rose. (*She lifts her skirt and exhibits some pretty ankles and legs.*) Blue stockings and floss silk will never collaborate with Mr. Davenant. No, I'm not a blue-stocking. I think I've already told you that I live amid woods within view of a range of mountains, and my idea is this: that these natural landscapes of mine and my husband's might inspire a great work. You understand what I mean, Mr. Dayne?

SEBASTIAN. Yes, I think I understand. But, you see, Mr. Davenant never writes; he dictates.

LADY LETHAM. I should like you to come with him. (*Turning from* SEBASTIAN *and looking round the room.*) But what a delightful life you live with him in this room, and in the intimate recesses of his soul, following every turn of his thought!

SEBASTIAN. Mr. Davenant's thoughts are very dear to me; but in this world nobody, it would seem, is ever satisfied with his lot. I should like to have some time for my own thoughts—a ridiculous wish for a secretary to entertain, I admit—and sometimes I regret that I did not follow my father's advice and study for a fellowship. My father is a professor of the University. He wished me to study for a fellowship, but I had seen so many men wear their brains away in pursuit of fellowships—sometimes running second for it, then turning up third, fourth, fifth, and then giving up the hopeless struggle—that I said to my father: "Fellowships are much

more difficult to get to-day than they were in your time; I must think of something else." He was angry—fathers always are angry with their sons—and my mother asked Lewis Davenant, who is my cousin, if he would give me this job.

LADY LETHAM. If you wish for time for your thoughts to mature in, you must have thoughts worth writing down. Are you a poet or a novelist?

SEBASTIAN. A poet—a volume of verses——

LADY LETHAM. I'm sure they're charming; they couldn't be else. You'll come with your cousin and spend a few weeks or a few months in my Westmorland castle?—the longer the better. Literature will occupy him in the mornings, and in the afternoons we shall go for drives; and the evenings will be passed in conversation. You will read me your verses, Mr. Dayne?

SEBASTIAN. Is your husband, Lord Letham, also devoted to literature?

LADY LETHAM. To some extent. Till I married him he had hardly read a book.

SEBASTIAN. But you have been married some time?

LADY LETHAM. For so long that it seems that I never was anything else but married. My husband and I are excellent friends. Now, Mr. Dayne, that I have confided to you my secret, you will pass it on to Mr. Davenant, and will use all your persuasions to get him to accept my invitation? It will give me much pleasure to have you both with me in Westmorland. Good-bye.

(SEBASTIAN *rings. Enter* MARTIN.)

SEBASTIAN (*to* MARTIN). There are still two gentlemen in the waiting-room. Will you show one of them up?

(*Exit* MARTIN *and* LADY LETHAM. *A moment after she announces* MR. MEYER.)

SEBASTIAN. I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Meyer, that Mr. Davenant is very busy making some alterations in his play. His luggage is being packed, and he starts for Vienna this evening. Be seated, I beg of you. I am his secretary, and if you have come to speak to him on any matter concerning literature I shall be glad to hear you.

MEYER. You have no doubt seen, and perhaps examined with some care, Mr. Kummer's translations?

SEBASTIAN. I have heard Mr. Kummer's translations criticised adversely.

MEYER. I do not believe that any writer has suffered more from mis-translations than Mr. Davenant. (*He takes some papers from his pocket.*) I will ask you to find a copy of *Elizabeth Cooper* and to follow me whilst I read. You know German?

SEBASTIAN. Not a word, unfortunately.

MEYER. I'm sorry, for without some knowledge of German it will be difficult for me to make plain the faults that my friend, Mr. Kummer, has committed. All the same, if you follow me carefully I hope to be able to make you understand that my friend's text is a mess, and nothing else. No other words can express it—a mess, Mr. Sebastian Dayne.

SEBASTIAN. But Mr. Davenant starts to-night for Vienna.

MEYER. That is why I have come here so that he may know how he has been defamed, and the German language, too, has been defamed, by my friend Mr. Kummer. I cannot find words to express the mess that he has made of Mr. Davenant's books. It is sad to speak like this of a friend; and if it were not that my admiration is without limit for Mr. Davenant, I should not speak. But after much consideration I decided that it would not be honourable for me to conceal the truth from Mr. Davenant any longer.

SEBASTIAN. As Mr. Davenant does not read translations, he does not suffer much.

MEYER. But Mr. Davenant is going to Vienna, and will hear Mr. Kummer's mistakes on the stage.

SEBASTIAN. Quite true; I hadn't thought of that. But he leaves to-night, and that is why he is so very busy, and why I am obliged to tell you, Mr. Meyer, that it would be impossible for me to examine the analysis you have made of your friend's translations. If you will leave your manuscript, I will submit it to our German professor at the University, and Mr. Davenant will go into the matter when he returns from Vienna. (*He rings.*) Mr. Meyer, I shall be so much obliged if you will excuse me.

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

MARTIN. There is still one gentleman.

SEBASTIAN. Show him up.

(MR. MEYER *goes out with* MARTIN.)

SEBASTIAN. I see he hasn't left his manuscript. So much the better! The house overflows.

(*A moment after* MARTIN *announces* LORD CARRA, *a young man elegantly dressed—a sportsman, one would judge by his appearance.*)

LORD CARRA. How do you do, Mr. Davenant?

SEBASTIAN. I am not Mr. Davenant, unfortunately. I do not know why I say unfortunately, for very likely it would be stupid to exchange youthful years for literary glory.

LORD CARRA. It would, indeed. Who would do it?

SEBASTIAN. Who indeed? Yet the object of your visit to Mr. Davenant is literature?

LORD CARRA. Not to talk to him about his literature. I shouldn't know how to begin, for I haven't read one of his books.

SEBASTIAN. Not one?

LORD CARRA. It is my mother, Lady Carra, who reads his books.

SEBASTIAN. Then you have come, Lord Carra, to express to Mr. Davenant the admiration that Mr. Davenant's works have inspired in your mother?

LORD CARRA. Not exactly. I have come to ask him to do me a favour, and as you seem to know Mr. Davenant very well——

SEBASTIAN. I am his secretary.

LORD CARRA. Then I can explain my errand to you. In one of Mr. Davenant's books there is a man called Rudolph, and my mother never ceases to remind me that Rudolph and I are like each other, and that many things that have happened to Rudolph in the story have happened to me.

SEBASTIAN. Rudolph appears in several volumes. Can you tell me in which these unfortunate coincidences occur?

LORD CARRA. I'm afraid I can't. You see, I didn't ask my mother, who would have thought she was frightening me. But it isn't pleasant, all the same, to be told that one is following in the footsteps of Rudolph, who, mother says, is making for an untimely end. Now what is going to be the end of Rudolph?

SEBASTIAN. It appears that Rudolph's suicide depends on his meeting with a certain woman with pale eyes and red hair.

LORD CARRA. Couldn't something be done to prevent his meeting her?

SEBASTIAN. Perhaps. I cannot promise, but will use my influence with Mr. Davenant. He may be able to devise a different end. He once spoke of bankruptcy. But you wouldn't like that? Could you suggest an end for Rudolph?

LORD CARRA. I should like him to win the Derby.

SEBASTIAN. So should I. We all like a man who wins the Derby.

LORD CARRA. Thank you. You understand my position? It appears that anything Rudolph does influences me to do likewise.

SEBASTIAN. So you have come to the reasonable conclusion that it would be well for you to influence Rudolph?

LORD CARRA. I am much obliged to you for your kindly offer of help, Mr. Dayne.

(SEBASTIAN *rings. Enter* MARTIN.)

LORD CARRA. Good-bye!

(*Exeunt* LORD CARRA *and* MARTIN.)

SEBASTIAN. The "at home" day is ended, and my cousin can come downstairs.

(*He rings a different bell.* DAVENANT *enters, a man of about fifty-two, of good figure, well dressed and well preserved.*)

DAVENANT. It's all settled, my dear Sebastian. I'm not going to Vienna.

SEBASTIAN. Not going to Vienna!—and everything is ready; all the alterations made in the text and the trunks packed! Not going to Vienna! The Austrian capital turned inside out; all the literary aristocracy invited; the chickens killed! I shall have to write twenty letters, and the first night will be a fizzle without you.

DAVENANT. But people do not go to the theatre to see the author.

SEBASTIAN. My dear Lewis, you should not let your humours get the better of you.

DAVENANT. I know, I know; and have been struggling with myself since early morning. At ten o'clock I decided to go, but at half-past ten my resolution began to melt.

SEBASTIAN. But why won't you go? Tell me. Your trunk is packed; I'll take you to the station; a short sea passage, a few hours in the Orient express, and the train will draw up alongside of the platform and you will be met by a crowd of poets, painters, and politicians.

DAVENANT. My dear Sebastian, though the crowd were all lawny bishops, I couldn't face it. And the subsequent proceedings! You spoke of chickens. Chickens mean a banquet, a banquet means speeches, and speeches of how art reconciles nations. How the fact of having German taught in the schools will make England love Germany better, and that the Germans by learning English in their schools will be able to arrive at a better understanding of a nation which, after all, is the same nation, for there is a great deal of Anglo-Saxon blood still in England; and after half an hour of this nonsense I shall have to rise and talk about Shakespeare, saying that I have not come hither to speak in my own name, but in the name of English literature, of which I am an unworthy representative. And then I or another will have to explain the relations of Art to Nature, that Nature is something more and something less than Art; that Art is not Nature, because it is Art; and that Nature is not Art, because it is Nature; and the stupendous creations of the artist are no less mysterious than those of God himself.

SEBASTIAN. Charming, delightful; but what about the twenty letters I shall have to write, and the disappointment on the platform?—for I shall not be able to write to them all. Can't I persuade you? You want a change from this provincial town in which you have chosen to bury yourself. The poets and *literati* who rise up in your imagination to frighten you will amuse you when you meet them in a café at midnight, and the fuss won't be as disagreeable as you think for. The Viennese ladies will remind you of the old days in Paris, and if I know you at all, Lewis, you will come back to us talking endlessly of this journey to Vienna; it will become one of your most precious memories. You always say nobody has cultivated memory as you have. Go to Vienna.

DAVENANT. But you see, Sebastian, our ages are different.

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

MARTIN. Will you see Mr. Godby now, sir?

DAVENANT. Mr. Godby!

MARTIN. The gentleman that has been waiting to see you for the last two hours.

SEBASTIAN. A sailor.

DAVENANT. The first admirer that the sea has brought me, so far as I know; so whilst you're copying in the corrections, Sebastian——

SEBASTIAN. Then you are going to Vienna?

DAVENANT (*testily*). I didn't say I was going to Vienna. You always want to bring things to a head. (*To* MARTIN.) Mr. Godby wishes to see me, and as I've nothing to do I think I'll interview this ancient mariner.

MARTIN. He isn't an old man, sir.

DAVENANT. Old or young, show him up; he is a mariner, if nothing else.

(*Exit and re-enter* MARTIN *and* MR. GODBY.)

MARTIN. Mr. Godby, sir.

DAVENANT. I'm sorry you've been kept waiting.

GODBY. It doesn't matter, since I haven't had to go without seeing you.

DAVENANT. But I'm told you've been kept waiting all the afternoon.

GODBY (*handing* DAVENANT *a book*). Secretary sent me this 'ere book to read.

DAVENANT (*taking the book*). *The Koran!* (*To* SEBASTIAN.) I think you might have found a more interesting book for Mr. Godby.

SEBASTIAN. Shall I go and copy the alterations?

DAVENANT. If you like.

(*Exit* SEBASTIAN.)

GODBY. I asked secretary for the paper, but he said that you didn't receive newspapers, and that your visitors were always given this 'ere book. (*Handing* DAVENANT *a box of Turkish Delight.*) A little present from Priscilla. She wouldn't leave go of me till I promised to give it to you.

DAVENANT. A box of Turkish Delight?

GODBY. From Priscilla, my wife three weeks come Tuesday. So no more letters and poems, that is what I have come to tell you. If Priscilla had known what you be like, you would have had them all back.

DAVENANT. What I am like?

GODBY. Her notion of the author of—of *Elizabeth Cooper* was a young fellow all scarves and riding breeches. Bless your 'eart! I saw through you when she read out the number of books you had written. I says to 'er, "Priscilla, it ain't possible; he be a man of past fifty"—that's ten years older than myself; and when I tell you that she thinks me an old 'un, you can judge for yourself what she'd think of you. Now let's get a good look at ye. The very spit of what I told Priscilla you were! A man about fifty or fifty-two; the hair grown very thin on the top; grey about the ears and in the whiskers; getting a bit bluff in the bows and broad in the beam.

DAVENANT. My secretary mentioned that you're a sailor, Mr. Godby.

GODBY. Second mate aboard the brigantine the *Hannah Maria*, at your service. Now come, Mr. Davenant, don't you think a man like yourself might employ his time better than by sending letters and poems to a girl like Priscilla?

DAVENANT. I know nothing of what you're talking—absolutely nothing!

GODBY. Well, if you don't know 'er as Priscilla Godby, maybe you know her as Priscilla Jones?

DAVENANT. I don't remember ever having heard either of those names before.

GODBY. You won't deny your own handwriting and your signature at the end of the letters?

(*He fumbles in his pocket and hands some letters to* MR. DAVENANT.)

DAVENANT (*after looking at letters*). This is not my signature, as I shall be able to prove to you in a moment. (*He goes to writing-table, takes up pen, and writes on a piece of paper.*) Will you compare my signature, which you have seen me write, with the signature at the end of those letters. (*Pause.*) Are they the same?

GODBY. A man doesn't always sign the same.

DAVENANT. Is there any resemblance whatsoever?

GODBY. I can't say there is. A mystery this is, surely!

DAVENANT. Not such a mystery. You mentioned that Mrs. Godby had read some of my books?

GODBY. Ah! now we're beginning to understand each other. Yes, she has read all your books and written you many letters. They cannot all have gone astray.

DAVENANT. Mr. Dayne answers my letters to correspondents who are not known to me personally.

GODBY. Well, this is a pretty how-de-do! So all them letters aren't yours, but secretary's?

DAVENANT. That is the only explanation I can think of. But allow me. (*He rings.*)

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT. Martin, will you tell Mr. Dayne I should like to speak to him?

(*Exit* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT. I assure you I do not remember Priscilla Jones; no, I don't remember anyone of that name. But what is the matter, Mr. Godby?

GODBY. I'm thinking how Priscilla is going to take this 'ere news. What a squall! She will be took aback, and all standing. It was all right to do a bit of teasing about yer age, telling her you was an old 'un, hair thin on the top and grey about the whiskers, but I can't bring myself to tell her that all them letters which she has been a-treasuring up was not written by you, but by secretary.

DAVENANT. But why tell her?

GODBY. Supposin' one of these days you was to run across each other?

DAVENANT. I'm afraid my secretary has behaved rather badly, Mr. Godby.

GODBY. He has indeed.

DAVENANT. But, Mr. Godby, I must plead his youth, and that the correspondence was harmless and gave her a great deal of pleasure.

GODBY. It did that.

DAVENANT. So perhaps it would be better for you to tell her that I am not only the ugly old fellow whom you so admirably summarised in three or four telling touches, but an old curmudgeon who received you very uncivilly and told you his house was filled with letters from all kinds of women, and would be only too glad to get rid of Mrs. Godby's packet.

GODBY. A very good idea, Mr. Davenant; and now I begin to see what a clever man you be.

(*Enter* SEBASTIAN.)

DAVENANT. Mr. Godby has come for his wife's letters.

SEBASTIAN. Mrs. Godby!

DAVENANT. Priscilla Jones that was.

SEBASTIAN. Priscilla Jones! Priscilla Jones!

DAVENANT. It would be just as well to avoid prevarication, Sebastian, and to come to the point; for it appears of a certainty that you have been carrying on a correspondence with Miss Priscilla Jones, sending her poems —which you had, of course, a perfect right to do in your own name, but not in mine. Really, Sebastian, this last pleasantry of yours surprises me, and in the presence of Mr. Godby I beg to protest!

SEBASTIAN. But I told you, Lewis, that Priscilla Jones had written about *Elizabeth Cooper*.

DAVENANT. Very likely, and it may be that I authorised you to write and thank her for her letter. But I did not tell you to continue the correspondence.

GODBY. And to send her poems. He sent her poems, Mr. Davenant.

SEBASTIAN. Well, Mr. Godby, she was not your wife when I sent her poems; and if she had been, it seems to me that a poem may be sent to the married and to the single, to the young and to the old—to everybody, except, of course, to people on their honeymoon. How long have you been married?

GODBY. Three weeks come Tuesday.

SEBASTIAN. Your wife hasn't received a poem from me within the last three weeks. Really, I fail to see the cause of your complaint.

DAVENANT. And I, too, fail to see it, Mr. Godby. Mr. Dayne did not know that Priscilla Jones was about to become Priscilla Godby. He didn't propose an appointment. It seems to me that I, not you, am the aggrieved person.

GODBY. I would say nay to you, Mr. Davenant. But a man's secretary——

DAVENANT. Well, then, Mr. Godby, may we agree to let bygones be bygones?

GODBY. We may, Mr. Davenant; we may. But, you see, Priscilla would like to have her letters back; and 'tis but reasonable now she's married.

DAVENANT. Nothing more reasonable in this world. Sebastian, we call upon you to produce Mrs. Godby's letters.

SEBASTIAN. I wish Mr. Godby had written to me about this matter before, for it will be difficult for me to produce these letters at once. You see, Mr. Godby, I have been collecting for some time past the letters that Mr. Davenant receives from the admirers of his books. We have several letters from the lady you had the pleasure of meeting in the parlour to-day, Lady Letham. She is one of our latest correspondents, but there have been many before her. We have received five-and-twenty letters from Lady Dartry; several from Lady Onger; Lady Cong is represented by five letters. We have letters from many ladies of high position among the French aristocracy. Madame de Belbœuf writes to us frequently, Madame de Cœtlogon occasionally. If I remember right, La Marquise d'Osmond is represented by at least fifty-one letters. (*Going over to a casket.*) In this casket, Mr. Godby, are letters that would paint my cousin's name for ever memorable even if he had not written any books. (*Opening the casket and taking out three or four letters.*) And these forty-three letters were written by the delicious Gabrielle von Hoenstadt.

GODBY. You pay out your jaw-tackle all right, young fellow, and them fine names come mighty easy off your tongue, but I do not happen to hear the name of Priscilla Jones amongst them. Now if you would be just good enough to see if you could find Mrs. Godby's letters at the bottom of that 'ere casket——

SEBASTIAN. Priscilla's letters in this casket, Mr. Godby! This casket is reserved exclusively to ladies of title. Even baronets' wives do not enter here.

DAVENANT. My dear Sebastian, I protest, and warmly, against this fooling! Mr. Godby has come here on a serious errand. I beg you to put that casket away and attend to his request, which is a reasonable one, that you return his wife's letters.

SEBASTIAN. I mentioned a few names, my dear Lewis, for I wished to bring home to Mr. Godby the great volume of correspondence I have to attend to. My time——

DAVENANT. Put down that casket. Your wife's letters, Mr. Godby,

shall be returned to her. It is quite undecided whether I go to Vienna or not; and as there are many matters about which I have to speak to my cousin——

GODBY. The alterations you're to make in the play?

DAVENANT. Yes, yes; and in my luggage. Your letters shall be returned to your wife as soon as I return from Vienna; and if I do not go to Vienna, they shall be returned at once within the next few days. And please to understand, Mr. Godby, that I'm grateful to you for your visit; it has made known to me certain things of which I was without any knowledge. I shall have to put my house in order, Mr. Godby. (*He rings bell.*)

GODBY. Thank'ee, thank'ee, sir.

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

GODBY. I have the honour to bid ye good-afternoon, Mr. Davenant, and thank'ee. If you ever wants anything in the farin' line, such as a parrot or what not—at your service!

(DAVENANT *accompanies* GODBY *to the door.* SEBASTIAN *crosses the stage in meditation.*)

DAVENANT. Once more, Sebastian, put those letters back into the casket, and try to remember for the future that you're no longer a baby boy. Thirty is a man's age, and men do not indulge in practical joking. (*The men stand and gaze, and then begin to laugh.*) I was obliged to speak a little severely when Mr. Godby was here, but I'm not such an old fogey, Sebastian, as not to understand the humour of this correspondence. You didn't say, by the way, that they were my poems, did you?

SEBASTIAN. No, Lewis. The letters were, I assure you, more circumspect than Godby would have led you to think. The poems were sent out of curiosity, for I wished to know how they would strike the ordinary reader.

DAVENANT. Your poems?

SEBASTIAN. Yes, my poems, but——

DAVENANT. But the letters were signed Lewis Davenant. I suppose time must hang a little heavy on your hands in this provincial town, and I'll overlook the escapade, but don't begin another one. I trusted you with my correspondence, and—— I'll say no more.

SEBASTIAN. I am truly repentant, sir. It shall not occur again.

DAVENANT. Among the many names you mentioned just now when you were making fun of that poor simple man Godby was a name that caught my ear—Gabrielle von Hoenstadt. You've spoken to me of her before. She has written, it appears, some very pleasant and witty letters, and it is to her influence that I owe the production of *Elizabeth Cooper* at Vienna!

SEBASTIAN. It is indeed to her that you owe it, for ever since she has read the novel she seems to have thought of little else. It is a pity you didn't read her letters. I pressed you to glance through them—a mere glance would have been enough. Listen to this. (*Reading.*) "I am tired of the rain, and of myself, and of everything except you. I have never heard your voice. I won't see or hear you, for it would be a catastrophe to fall in love with the man in you. I will only be in love with the author." It is extraordinary, Lewis, that you do not recognise her as—one of your own women speaking to you across the seas.

DAVENANT. One of the women of my imagination. Repeat the lines, Sebastian. (SEBASTIAN *repeats them.*) A whimsy, but whether a whimsy of the blood or brain, or both, I cannot say.

SEBASTIAN. May I read a little more, and you'll be better able to judge?

DAVENANT. Not just now; we have other matters to attend to. But I agree with you that no common sensualist wrote the words you read to me, but one whom you recognise as of the Davenant kin?

SEBASTIAN. As one who might easily fall in love with you.

DAVENANT. She might have in the years gone by.

SEBASTIAN (*turning over the letters*). She writes forty-three, asking you to come to Vienna. Yet you won't go.

DAVENANT. I'm afraid, Sebastian, that your correspondence with Priscilla Jones has turned your head a little, and that your idea for the moment is that the business of every man is to rush across Europe in pursuit of a woman.

SEBASTIAN. Do you never wish, Lewis, to risk everything—to take a header over the cliff's edge?

DAVENANT. You would have me jump over the cliff's edge after a Naiad whom I have never seen, and of whom I only know through a few letters? Not even that, through a few extracts from letters. (SEBASTIAN *presses the letters on* DAVENANT.) Later I'll look into it.

SEBASTIAN (*returning to the correspondence*). She sends you the name of the hotel where you are to meet her. You are not to go to the Grand Hotel, Hotel Bristol, Krantz, Imperial, or Sacher, for she "would not caramboler with her brothers and friends *en sortant de chez vous*." How amusing she is! (*Reading.*) "You will stay in the Meissal and Schadn to please me." A mere detail this, but characteristic. You are to send her a note by the hotel messenger, and he will bring back an answer saying she will be with you at a certain hour. And the next day she's going to introduce you to her cousin, with whom you are going to lunch. Could anything be more charming?—and yet you hesitate.

DAVENANT. It is true that I might like her as a friend; but is it worth my while to go to Vienna for a friendship?

SEBASTIAN. But there is an alternative: you might both love each other.

DAVENANT. In that case the disaster would be greater; for what should I do with her at the end of a week? Ask her to come to Paris?

SEBASTIAN. That is exactly how I imagine the adventure.

DAVENANT. You might like me to ask her to marry me and bring her here to settle down.

SEBASTIAN. She wouldn't like Rockminster.

DAVENANT. And if I didn't decide to bring her to Rockminster, I should have to bid her good-bye at the end of a week, saying, "Dear Gabrielle, we have passed a charming week together. May I have the pleasure of looking forward to see you when I return to Vienna?"

SEBASTIAN. What you are telling me is nothing more nor less than a scene out of one of your own novels, and not nearly as convincing. If these women knew what a man of letters really is, they would seek their lovers among soldiers, sailors, diplomats, merchants, even doctors—anywhere rather than among men of letters.

DAVENANT. It may be that I might still find some favour in her eyes, but——

SEBASTIAN. In your striped trousers and morning coat I assure you——

DAVENANT. Sebastian, learn that where the young find the blooms, the old and the middle-aged find thorns, and that the wise man knows that it would be stupid to attempt to continue his youth; even if he could do so, he would be robbing life of its variety, for by a little act of renunciation he creates a new life quite different from the old.

SEBASTIAN. I have often heard you say a man's love is attracted in the beginning by the eye, and that his pride in her poetry, her music, and her pictures come afterwards; that these are condiments which he sucks at his leisure. Whereas a woman's love—I am still quoting you—arises out of her imagination, enabling her to perform miracles, to straighten the hunchback and to raise the dwarf from 4 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. 2 in., and to answer an impertinent friend who reminds her that her lover has to stand up at table that she did not notice his height before, but now that her attention has been called to it she can see that he is somewhat short.

DAVENANT. And in pursuance of your theories——

SEBASTIAN. Your theory——

DAVENANT. You think that Gabrielle will re-create me out of her imagination, and that I shall appear to her as a dancing faun?

SEBASTIAN. I don't know about the faun, but as a soul of fire certainly. The fact that your play is going to be performed, and that you go to Vienna to speak in the name of England, will be a great help.

DAVENANT. I suppose it will; and if there is to be a banquet there will be a laurel crown, and that will help, too. Germany's idea of art is somebody crowning somebody, and generally a fat woman does the crowning. But, Sebastian, why all this anxiety to pack me up and send me to Vienna? Is it that you want a holiday, and would like to bestow your holiday upon some other correspondent? Is there another? My good wishes in that event; only I beg of you to do your literary courting in your own name, that is all.

SEBASTIAN. No, you're wrong; there is nobody, unfortunately. . . . By the way, Lewis, Lady Letham called here this morning and asked me to remind you that she hopes you will accept her invitation to spend some time with her in Westmorland. She owns certain ranges of mountains, and these are at your disposal.

DAVENANT. For my inspiration, no doubt. And what is this new admirer like?

SEBASTIAN. I should say from thirty to thirty-five; very refined, dainty, beautifully dressed, with exquisite hands and feet.

DAVENANT. I think I shall write to her and ask her to come and see me while you're away.

SEBASTIAN. While I am away?

DAVENANT. Well, you see, somebody will have to go to Vienna to look after my play.

SEBASTIAN. Will you send me?

DAVENANT. Why not? Somebody must see that the play is properly rehearsed; you do not know German, but Gabrielle does, and she will help you. Now, let me see; this is the third—no, the fourth of April. I will give you a month's holiday—five weeks, if you like. For you, Sebastian, Gabrielle and her pleasure; for me, long country walks and long evenings with my old friend Ruskin. You will return within a month, and we will begin work again.

SEBASTIAN. What a delicious adventure! What a delicious adventure!

DAVENANT. Mine or yours?

SEBASTIAN. Mine, of course.

DAVENANT. It wouldn't be like you to refuse an adventure, so I'll give you some money. (*He sits at his desk.*) Here is a note of credit on my bank. The journey is an expensive one, but it is really necessary that somebody should be by to look after my play. One moment, Sebastian; you will have to travel in my name.

SEBASTIAN. Why?

DAVENANT. Did you not say just now that she had created me out of my books with the aid of her imagination? Would you disappoint her? Go in my name, and unite the two temptations—youth and fame. You'll be irresistible.

SEBASTIAN. Introduce myself to Gabrielle as the author of *Elizabeth Cooper?*

DAVENANT. Why not, since I give you leave? She might love you if you went to her as my secretary, but not—well, not so ecstatically as she will if you go to her as the author of *Elizabeth Cooper.*

SEBASTIAN. But I'm a poet.

DAVENANT. And a very charming poet.

SEBASTIAN. She might like my verses and think me very clever, but she wouldn't believe that I had written all those books and plays.

DAVENANT. A woman in love believes easily. An imagination that is strong enough to straighten a dwarf's back will find no difficulty in adding a few years to your age. She will see crow's-feet where there is none, and traces of grey hair about the ears. After all, there are only twenty years between us, and my appearance isn't known except to my personal friends; it has not travelled in photographs all over the world like those of most authors. By the way, you always write to the photographers who ask if they may add my portrait to their gallery of literary celebrities that I dislike modern photography, and will never sit until the daguerreotype is re-established.

SEBASTIAN. Yes, I write all that—(*greatly agitated*). But the question now is, whether I am to go to Vienna?

DAVENANT. Well, then?

SEBASTIAN. I'm afraid I couldn't, Lewis. One day she would find out that I had lied to her, and would hate me and herself for ever afterwards.

DAVENANT. But you don't intend to pass your life in Vienna. (*Pause.*) A little while ago you called on me to remember that I was sacrificing a memory. Now, in my turn, I will remind you that you said: Nobody in love should be disappointed. The maker of such aphorisms is usually the first culprit.

(*Enter* MARTIN *with a packet in her hand.*)

MARTIN. This packet has just come, sir. (*She hands him the packet and goes out.*)

DAVENANT (*on opening the packet*). You cannot guess what is in this box.

SEBASTIAN. Of course I can; something from Gabrielle. I know it's from Gabrielle.

DAVENANT. Gabrielle has sent her portrait and a letter.

SEBASTIAN. Let me see it. Let me see it.

DAVENANT (*hands him the miniature—reading letter*). Only a short letter, in which she tells me what trains I am to travel by. Listen, Sebastian. "I won't wait much longer. I am not ashamed to rush after you, but I very soon will be ashamed of thinking so much of a man without even knowing if he deserves it. It makes me feel what I do not want to be—a little fool." You see, Sebastian, there is no time to be lost. (*He takes up the box.*) What! another miniature! (*The two men stand looking at* GABRIELLE'S *pictures in the middle of the stage.*)

SEBASTIAN. She is delightful, delicious, divine! (*Looking round at* DAVENANT.) What is yours like, Lewis?

DAVENANT. This one is a full length.

SEBASTIAN. Let me see it.

DAVENANT. I don't think I shall show it to you. No, I don't think that I ought to show it to you.

SEBASTIAN. But if I am going to Vienna?

DAVENANT (*with a change of tone*). So you're going to Vienna?

SEBASTIAN. Of course I'm going to Vienna. You've given me the money and the holiday. Let me see the portrait.

DAVENANT. You're going to Vienna, and will probably get the lady. I may surely keep one miniature!

SEBASTIAN. Let me see it.

DAVENANT. Sebastian, you want everything, but you're not going to get everything.

SEBASTIAN. Now, Lewis, don't spit gall into my cup of bliss. Give me both.

DAVENANT. You have one; I'll keep the other. By the way, Sebastian, there's no time to be lost; you have only just time to pack to catch the train at Southampton. I see you've already quite lost your head. But I hope you'll not forget my play. You'll write to me at once, and attend all the rehearsals.

SEBASTIAN. Yes, yes! Good-bye, Lewis!

(He goes out. DAVENANT *looks at one of his pictures; then he opens the window and rings the bell. Enter* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT. If you look through the telescope in the library you will see Jupiter; then you can bring in the lamp.

MARTIN. Yes, sir.

(Exit MARTIN. DAVENANT *remains at the window, smoking, as the curtain falls.)*

(To be continued.)

The Downfall of Old Europe (ii)

By Robert Briffault

Author of "The Making of Humanity"

WHAT will be left when dividends have become wages will be the Socialistic State. I am not gloating over the prospect. I am not at all in love with the Socialistic State. I don't mind telling you, to be quite frank, that, personally, if I were assured of a comfortable supply of dividends that would enable me to indulge to my heart's content in my personal tastes in freedom and independence, and if any unpleasant circumstances connected with the production of my dividends were considerately kept out of my sight so as not to disturb me in the place where my conscience ought to be, I should be decidedly in favour of preserving or reconstructing at all costs our dear old dividend-civilisation. We are all a bit selfish; I am extraordinarily so.

But, unfortunately, I cannot see how that is to be done, how the Socialistic State is to be avoided. The question is not whether it is desirable or not. "Our Brer Rabbit" or a dividend-civilisation has to consider what sauce it would like to be cooked with; when it protests that it doesn't want to be cooked at all, it is getting away from the point.

We dividend folk dislike Socialists. But I think that the terms of abuse which we apply to them are lamentably ill-chosen. You call them "idealists," "visionaries," "dreamers." Those virulent epithets are, I say, unfortu-

nate. For if there are any idealists, any visionaries, any dreamers, they are the people who imagine that the dividend-system can go on for ever, that the Socialist State can possibly be warded off. Those who make their plans and calculations on that assumption are living in a fool's paradise, and it ill becomes them to call any other people ugly names like "idealist." It is they who are the idealists and the dreamers, and they would do better to wake up and face realities as they are. The unpleasant reality is that the dividend is dwindling, and consequently our civilisation; and it follows that the Socialistic State is inevitable, is upon us at this moment.

"Come, come," you may say, meaning to comfort me and cheer me up, "things are not quite as bad as that yet. There still is some life left in the old dog of our dividend-civilisation; it is still tremendously powerful. We who draw dividends are still at the helm, ours is still the whip-hand. True, the wage-earners have lost all persuasive principles. But there are other means of persuasion left. We have learnt much from the war; we have not suffered altogether in vain: we have machine-guns, tanks, bombing-planes, poison gas, the blockade, starvation. Good, effective means of persuasion, eh, what?"

I have no doubt that something might be done by means of those remedies to prolong the life of our civilisation. But you must admit that they are, after all, very weak, wishy-washy, palliative remedies; they may succeed in keeping the patient alive a few hours longer, but they cannot possibly stem the course of a progressive malady. Machine-guns can shoot both ways; the target of bombs is most uncertain, and I have noticed that the political effects of poison gas depend entirely on the way the wind is blowing. It is quite out of the question to build a comfortable civilisation on a foundation of high explosives.

I leave it to others more competent than I feel myself to be to discuss the best palliative measures to be employed to put off the evil hour. It will be more profitable for us, I think, to consider what to do when it comes.

Everybody in these uncertain times carries a Utopia in his coat-pocket. I am very unprovided in that respect. I do not believe that any phase of human development can

be made to drop into the mould of a detailed and elaborated pre-devised system. Human development takes place according to very general tendencies, and can hardly be fitted into ready-made clothes. What is certain concerning the coming change is merely a negative certainty—that dividends must disappear; and that means the Socialistic State.

I hope and believe that the Socialistic State does not represent the final goal of human organisation. I do firmly believe in human development, in the beneficence and betterment of every phase of it, and the Socialistic State will doubtless, by what it will do and by what it will destroy, make straight the way for better things.

There is one great fundamental objection, an objection of such appalling purport against the Socialistic State, that it is in itself sufficient to damp the prospect. In the Socialistic State we shall all be wage-earners. We shall all be liable to suffer from those very disadvantages from which wage-earners suffer. Our work will, like all wage-work, be of the nature of a pot-boiler, that is, the reverse of spontaneous, interesting work. Our lives will be caught in the workings of a vast, ruthless machinery. Our personal initiative, the free development of our dispositions and desires will be at a tremendous disadvantage. That is the great objection against the Socialistic State.

There is a good deal of the same sort of thing already in our present civilisation. Very few of us, even if they draw dividends, can do what they like, live the kind of life they would like to live, do the kind of work they would like to do. There is a vast undefined population who dwell, as it were, in a sort of no-man's-land between the wage-earner and the big dividend-drawers—professional men, officials, clerks—who are neither fish nor flesh, who are really wage-earners—they call their wages by the more genteel name of fees and salaries—and yet draw perhaps some miserable little dividends which are just sufficient to cause them to share all the prejudices—the persuasive principles, I mean—of dividend-drawers. No spontaneous development, no individuality, no freedom of living initiative could be more completely crushed and supplanted by the routine operation of pot-boiling mental activity than it is, in general, in these unfortunate people. As for the wage-earners

themselves—well, I have heard some people say that they are brutes, swines, savages. As I suppose that they belong, anthropologically, to exactly the same race as ourselves, as the people who call them brutes, I presume that their brutality, their swinishness, and their savagery are the effects of the mode of life that they lead and of the work that they do in order to produce dividends.

So that, in regard to this matter of freedom of individual development and initiative, even the Socialistic State cannot, after all, make things very much worse than they are already.

If only it can perceive its opportunity, it can easily make them immensely better.

There is, besides the fundamental injustice on which it rests, a very great defect in European civilisation, a defect which is an indirect effect of that injustice.

Money, the money of dividends and wages, is, of course, only a *means*. Money is only of value in view of what we can obtain by spending it. Now the people of our European civilisation, whether dividend-drawers or wage-earners, *do not know how to spend their money*.

Money is spent in two ways, to ward off starvation and to gratify individual tastes. By "tastes" is meant a very important thing. The term includes nothing less than all the desires, aspirations, outlooks, which make up the individuality of a human being. The work which men do for the sake of wages is not, as a rule, a manifestation of their tastes; it is not the work of their individuality. The desires, the interests of the real human being, the forces in him which seek satisfaction and expression, do not satisfy and express themselves in that work; they are, on the contrary, checked, stifled, suppressed, or distorted by that work. It is not in the way in which a man earns his wages, but in the way he spends his wages that the real individuality of the human being expresses itself.

And the desires, the aspirations, the interests and outlooks manifested in the way in which the wage-earners and the dividend-drawers of our present civilisation spend their wages and their dividends are appallingly barbaric.

Barbaric in quite a literal sense. Those tastes, those interests are products of culture, they are the products of

human evolution. The real measure of the grade of human evolution which a human being or a human society has attained is the tastes, the desires, the forms of satisfaction, of enjoyment, the interests which they have developed. Those tastes are *acquired* tastes, because the products of human evolution are not transmitted through the flesh and blood of men, but through his environment, the surroundings of his life, his education. Our present civilisation is really higher than any in the past because we do possess in greater abundance means of higher satisfaction, of higher interests. But the actual manifestation of that higher quality, the actual use of those available means, is only apparent in the few, the very few. The rest remain barbaric. The way in which the vast majority of the members of our civilisation spend their wages or their dividends shows that they are barbarians, that is, primitive, uncultured, unevolved.

You know the way in which the wages of the wage-earners are usually spent. They are spent in alcoholic stimulants, in fornication, in amusements of the most barbaric kind, in cinema-shows of the usual blue-murder type. If, exceptionally, they are spent in, say, the building and adorning of a home, the taste manifested in that home is such as to set any artist's teeth on edge. The tastes of the dividend-drawers are in general no better. The ways in which they spend their dividends are as barbaric as that in which wages are spent. A large proportion of that dividend-spending is a manifestation of crude, savage vanity; it consists in the mere advertising of the fact that the spender is a drawer of large dividends. That is his pleasure. The tastes manifested by some of the best class of dividend-drawers, the remains of an old aristocracy, are practically identical with those of the Redskins—to hunt wild animals, to rejoice in muscular exercise, to eat flesh, to consume alcoholic stimulants.

In order to measure accurately the tastes, the pleasures of the majority of the members of our civilisation, it is sufficient to do a round of their "places of amusement," of our theatres, of our music-halls, to inspect our libraries, our bookshops. The real concrete measure of the condition of our civilisation is displayed, not by our political economists and their figures, but by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son and

their bookstalls. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son are the real visible representatives of our dividend-civilisation.

Our civilisation, in the opportunities it affords for the satisfaction of the most highly developed human desires, is greater than any civilisation of the past. But in the enormous majority of the members of our civilisation those human desires have not been developed; they have, on the contrary, been stamped out. In all those things which really constitute the achievements of human evolution, the title of the human race to pride in itself, they take no pleasure, they take no interest. In great literature they take no pleasure. In great art they take no pleasure. In great thought they take no pleasure. In science they take no pleasure. In great drama they take no pleasure. In great music they take no pleasure. In the very questions upon which the life and existence of the world urgently and poignantly depend they take no interest.

Any theatrical manager, any art dealer, any bookseller or publisher, any newspaper editor, any musician, any artist will tell you that those things *do not pay*. In other words, the wage-earners and the dividend-drawers of our civilisation do not want to spend their money on such satisfactions. What does pay in drama is what the "Revues" provide, what does pay in literature is what Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son sell, what does pay in music is *The Bing Boys*, what does pay in art is what our furnishers and decorators sell on the hire-system, what does pay in thought is the leading articles in the *Morning Post*.

A very much more serious, a very much more tragic indictment against our dividend-civilisation than the way in which it gets its money is the way in which it spends it. To get money is a painful necessity; men in submitting to it have to conform to the hard requirements of an organisation, and to sacrifice more or less of their individuality. To spend money is the concern and the manifestation of the inner individual man.

The dividend-civilisation rests upon an injustice; that injustice is bolstered up by lies. That is very deplorable, very tragic. But by far the greatest tragedy of our civilisation is that it does not know what to do with the money for the sake of which it perpetrates that injustice and those lies.

When the dividend-civilisation, which is at the present

moment lying very sick, shall have passed away—in peace, let us hope—its place will be taken by the Socialistic State; and we look forward with considerable dread at the way our individual humanity will be caught up by the cog-wheels of a vast co-operative machinery. It is not a pleasant prospect. But if the Socialistic State should bethink itself of teaching its citizens how to spend their money, that is, if it should bethink itself of regarding them as human beings, and of changing them from savages and barbarians into men capable of partaking in the achievements and fruits of human evolution—if it should bethink itself of that, then much else might be forgiven it.

Socialistically minded people are at present lamentably sodden with the ideas of the dividend-civilisation. They are "capitalistic" in their mentality. They think in terms of those questions and ideas upon which are centred the thoughts of dividend-drawers and wage-earners, in terms of the question, "How to get money?" That to some extent is necessary and important. But we shall not have really passed out of the atmosphere of the dividend-civilisation until we have ceased to set aside and discard that other no less important question, "What shall we do with our money when we've got it?"

If with the injustice and with the lies of the dividend-civilisation its tragic incapacity to spend money in a civilised way should also pass away, we should be able to look with some equanimity upon the passing of old Europe.

A Painter's Literature

By W. L. George

In his preface to *Alton Locke*, Kingsley, while welcoming trade-unions, shrank from the strike idea as an invention of the demon of modernity. In a short paper Mr. Walter Sichel deplored that while in his time no man would smoke with a woman, now a woman smokes with a man. And recently, in *Tradition and Change*, Mr. Arthur Waugh seemed to mourn the lost spaciousness of the great Victorians. It must be so; we must fear novelty, or praise it with reluctance, and so the novelist who sought expression yesterday hesitates before those who clamour to-day. He may so easily prove unjust to the pigmies of his day, deny that they may grow into giants. That is why I approach with some anxiety the analysis of our very new novelists, such as Mr. James Joyce, or Miss Richardson, or her we may call Miss Neo-May Sinclair. They have taken up the torch from hands that felt no palsy; one watches the course of the flame they bear, wondering whether they illumine the edifice built by Fielding, Turgeneff, and Stendahl, or whether they plot arson.

As is usual in literature, the younger generation is knocking at a door behind which sits an elder generation full of vigour, and well able to meet the vanguard of the future. While the young novelists thunder forth in prismatic impression, the elder generation works on, interested but not very nervous. In the case of the novel one should use generation in the plural, because the young novel has to meet not one old school, but two. This because, round about 1906, people began to write novels as soon as they came down from Oxford, or, as the case might be, from the Polytechnic. Indeed, the modern novel lies in three tiers, like the dead in a common graveyard where the new oppress the old. Whether, in the case of the most modern novel, the dead are attempting to oppress the quick, I will not attempt to decide.

Taking the only novel that matters, the novel of signifi-

cance, that expresses the mind of its author and reflects his period, we find that the novelists of the day divide themselves into three classes. They are wide classes, and number people of the greatest possible variety, but they do, in a rough and general way, assemble people much of the same age, and influenced by a vague community of ideas. They are as follows :—

(1) NEO-VICTORIANS : Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Joseph Conrad. (These began to write in the early 'nineties.)

(2) EDWARDIANS : Mr. J. D. Beresford, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Oliver Onions, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, Miss Viola Meynell, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. E. M. Forster, and Miss Amber Reeves. (These began to write in 1906, or soon after. Mr. Alec Waugh, who began to write during the war, is a belated Edwardian.)

(3) NEO-GEORGIANS : Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Miss Romer Wilson, Miss Dorothy Richardson, and one whom I persist in calling Miss Neo-May Sinclair.

There is nothing esoteric in this classification; many another will do equally well, and no attempt is being made to force these writers into "schools," but only to collect them into periods. Thus this arrangement should not be looked upon as the jig-saw of a pundit.

Of the Neo-Victorians little need be said, because enough has been said; I do not propose to write short essays on Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy, or even on the master of us all, Mr. Conrad. But it is worth observing that their generation is concerned either with the creation of a work of art, to entertain us in the noblest sense of the word, or with the exposition of a state of society, that is to say, with problems. (Of course, in Mr. Conrad the pursuit of art is instinctive, and in Mr. Bennett semi-instinctive.) Though it be true that all four use their experience of life for the purposes of fiction, a thing which all writers do and most writers deny, their outlook has in the main always been objective. Even when uninterested in social problems, they are interested in society *qua* society. Thus, without overstraining truth, one can link them with Kingsley, Dickens, Thackeray, and Samuel Butler. Their form is

semi-Victorian; they still preserve what used to be called "plots." There tends to arise in their writings a moment when somebody dramatically says: "So it was *you*, Ermyntrude, put arsenic into the ginger ale." Or some intellectual equivalent of this situation.

With the Edwardians, however, we enter an entirely different field of ideas. We discover a dozen novelists whose first novels appeared when they were very young. Mr. Mackenzie was 28, Mr. Cannan 25, Mr. Walpole 25, Mr. Forster 26. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith began at 19; Mr. D. H. Lawrence at 21; Miss Meynell quite as early. In fact the senior seems to be Mr. Beresford, whose first novel appeared when he was 38 . . . and it was semi-autobiography! There is the key. The young Edwardians were so young that they could not be objective. I do not want to generalise to excess, having read *The White Peacock*; I confess that much intellectual and emotional objectivity did manifest itself in all of them; but in the main they were subjective; they had to write of themselves, their friends, their calf-loves and school rivalries. That was all they knew. Moreover, they paid much attention to art: what was art? who was an artist? etc. This because finely attuned minds are interested in art long before they encounter politics, economics, or even profound emotion.

Hence "The Novel About Oxford," about the school, about babyhood and the passions of that time of life. Hence, too, the crudity of their visits to music-halls, to Chelsea and the Café Royal, and the remorse of rosebuds when compromised into venal amours. Often their heroes were writers, because they themselves were writers, and that was the only life. And nearly always they wanted to lay down a precocious gospel that may be called "The Epistle of St. Michael the Juvenile on Life and How to Lead It"; that is to say: they put forward moral ideas. That was the vital reaction from the Neo-Victorians, who had few moral ideas, but many social ideas. The Edwardian group represented the revolt of the individual against the growing mental socialism of Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Shaw, against the mental socialism which was itself a reaction against the sentimental religiosity of the mid-Victorians.

The Edwardians avoided politics, and cared little for

the movements of their time, except in art. They were interested in the human intellect, and in the human impulse. Also they did not trouble much with style; some, like Miss Meynell, were naturally endowed with a beautiful literary instrument, but they were using style as a tool with which to carve out ideas, and not as an experimental screen on which to flash impressions. The transformation of the novel was to be left to the Neo-Georgians with whom we are most concerned.

The Neo-Georgians, with exceptions, can be described as painters rather than as writers. It is thus permissible to say that *the modern novel is becoming a painter's literature.* There are practical reasons for this: whereas the novelist of an older generation mixed very little with painters and musicians, the new generation tends to form composite cliques, where literature and dancing, sculpture and music, convince each other that they are expressing the same thing through a variety of media. Which is true and not true. Whereas one may compare a passage in Dante with a fear motif in Wagner, one must recognise that the impressions received by the brain through the eye are tainted by the eye, and that the brain will not record the result in the same way as if it came through the ear. Professor Rimington's colour organ is, I am sure, an ingenious instrument, but none save a wilful man will proclaim that when he sees a pale blue tint he hears the *vox celeste.*

The result is notable. For the last ten or twelve years British painting has been in a volcanic state. It discovered the ideas of Cezanne, Matisse, Gauguin, Rousseau, Kandinski, etc. Instead of depicting, it began to interpret. Then it attacked the intellectual side, and strove to express ideas; to do this it threw off conventional form, and set up distortion to liberate what one might call ideal form. I must not dilate upon this, but the reader will realise that in the mixed groups where the painters were so revolutionary, so eloquent, so vital, while the novelists were still Victorian, the painters must prevail. The painters have imposed themselves upon the novelists, have made them believe that intellectual influence is a smudge upon art . . . unless the intellectual process is devoted to painting, which alone can express intellect. In other words: *thou shalt have none other gods but paint.*

I do not suppose that this is realised in the Sacred Grove where evolve the super-modern. Indeed, through their very variety, some seem to escape: here is Mr. Wyndham Lewis expounding, in *Tarr*, a churlish Nietzschism; or here is Miss Dorothy Richardson "writing through the consciousness" of her characters. There is no hint of paint in all their work, but paint it is coats their intellect. So deliberate an attempt to avoid expressing ideas (except about art) can be traced only to paint, because paint (able to express stories) cannot express ideas. And as the novelist may have none other gods but paint, he must deal, not with ideas, but with impressions.

It is worth while to examine in greater detail the protagonists of the new school. Take, for instance, Mr. James Joyce, in his chief work, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Here is a man of extraordinary skill. In the early part of the book we find a quarrel at table between intense, cantakerous Irish people, a curious quarrel, where the bodies are eliminated and therefore the passions liberated. This naturally impresses the child hero; he grows up at school, and a little later, perpetually stung by impressions of a street, a person. Because this is an early work it still connects with an older method; thus there is a description of Hell by a Jesuit, which passes all the horrors of realism, and is paralleled only in *The Bonfire*, by Mr. Anthony Brendon. There is also the sex awakening of a young man, entirely devoid of furtiveness, but luscious, heavy, half-fatal, half-triumphant. What matters is that the book contains neither intellectual nor moral ideas. It is indeed a *portrait* of the artist and not a description. To make up a life, Mr. Joyce makes successive portraits of successive persons, in successive atmospheres. It is art, but it ignores the intelligent reactions and stresses that may be described as the colour and the shape of the brain.

But Mr. Joyce, in that book, does not expose his method as completely as he is doing in his new work, *Ulysses* (published in America in the *Little Review*). At one point, for instance, we have a long description where a conglomerate of objects and things appears thus :—

"Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing.

"Imperthnthn thnthnthn.

"Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnails, chips.

"Horrid! And gold flushed more.

"A husky fifenote blew.

"Blew. Blue bloom is on the

"Gold pinnacled hair.

"A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castile.

"Trilling, trilling: Idolores."

This is not nonsense: it is a description of two barmaids in a tavern, and fairly clear: the bronze-headed girl, by the golden-haired one, heard the iron-shod heels. The bumping sound of the beer-levers is heard. It was horrid to see a man pick chips off his thumbnails. Then a squeak (of a door?) which, *by association of ideas* through similar sounds (blew and blue), leads to the misty atmosphere of the bar, the girl's hair, her satin-clad satiny body, her rose, the Spanish rose, the Spanish name.

A French realist of the 'eighties would in this case have written out a catalogue of details, while Mr. Joyce's method resembles the impressionist painters' method, who, instead of painting a green spot, painted side by side a blue spot and a yellow spot, and then invited you to stand back. This has produced admirable work through Sisley, Pissarro, etc., but not literature. It is interesting and vivid, but it shows no advantage over Flaubert, or even Zola; indeed, it grows wearisome; it is unsuited to literature. Briefly, a pint pot cannot be used to estimate length. The association of ideas, "blew" and "blue," is important, for it links Mr. Joyce with Miss Dorothy Richardson.

When we come to the two "intellectuals," of the modern school, we approach a different corner of the same field. Here, in Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Miss Romer Wilson, we discover rather a desire to liberate intellectual expression from literary form, just as in the painting of Mr. Wyndham Lewis we find an impulse to free movement from anatomy. Hence, an impression of effort and a rather rancorous reaction from stereotyped beauty. The following quotation from *Tarr* will show Mr. Lewis's method and his approach to life. It is a description of two antagonistic men meeting:—

"They sat for some minutes with what appeared a stately discomfort of self-consciousness, staring in front of them. It was really only a dreary, boiling anger with them-

selves, with the contradiction of civilised life, the immense and intricate camouflage over the hatred that personal diversities engender. 'Phew! Phew!' A tenuous howl, like a subterranean wind, rose from the borderland of their consciousness. They were then on the point of opening with tired, shamed fingers well-worn pages of their souls, soon to be muttering between their teeth the hackneyed pages to each other: resentful in different degrees and disproportionate ways."

That is a strong impression, and to dismiss it as nonsense is silly. But it exhibits the excess of the painter trying to "turn out" something. To say that "a tenuous howl, like a subterranean wind," rises from people's consciousness is neither a statement of fact nor a use of metaphor; it is merely excessive impression. We find this excess again a little further on, when Mr. Lewis says: "It is a graceful compliment to offer the nectar of some ulcer to your neighbour."

Moreover, and because the book deals with artists who converse about art, there is a good deal of jargon. The story is slender. It illumines the German hero, Kreisler, talking, eating, lusting, and thus it reproduces life. But art cannot reproduce life; it interprets it. Mr. Wyndham Lewis has vigorous talent, original ideas, often felicity in aphorism, but by his churlishness, his crudity, his roughness, his fight against beauty, he is setting up an Antichrist to Apollo. His characters are sex-oppressed, art-oppressed; imprisoned within his ideas, he fails to escape into expression. This does not apply to his painting, where often he shows magnificence.

Miss Romer Wilson, in *If All These Young Men*, is much more definitely seeking the pictures which Mr. Lewis naturally achieves. This irrelevant story of the circlings of a number of young people about each other is a dance of six moths about six candles, where each moth is candle to another. There is no resolution, because, like Mr. Lewis, she avoids the set plot and substitutes a list of pictures of persons moving in places, attracted, repelled, or wholly aimless. It is life informed by no spirit save its own. Here is a typical passage:—

"There was this beautiful simple creature here, something she would never see again; she must not misuse it;

it seemed like a Hermes, and she thought: 'I must send it to the museum, it is too lovely to keep in a private house!' Many foolish ideas came into her mind. Like a man drowning she was inclined to be a little gay, and even wanted to sing. . . ."

As in the case of Mr. Lewis, the work has quality, a high quality of selection and of balance of phrase. This description of a woman, for instance:—

"To-night in her skimpy black dress embroidered with red wool she looked like a doll, not a Parisian beauty with large liquid eyes and rosy cheeks of china, but a thin modern intellectual doll with black hair and red blotched cheeks—semi-totem and semi-puppet." This certainly proves that if Miss Romer Wilson writes unusually it is not because she is unable to write usually.

But when we come to Miss Dorothy Richardson and to the new manner of Miss May Sinclair, we see most clearly how the literary has succumbed to the pictorial. Both write, as they put it, through the consciousness of their characters. That is to say, not only do the authors stand outside their books, as did Flaubert and Turgeneff, but they avoid interference with the intellectual processes of their characters. They are guided only by the impressions which their characters continually receive, of heat, cold, love, interest in persons, etc. The theory must be judged on its results, and when one examines these, one is inclined to question its value. The Neo-Georgians spurn tradition; they would leap from an old system into a new one. That cannot be done. Method grows from method. All literature is related, from Homer to Miss Ethel Dell; the new novelists do not profit by tearing a fœtus from the womb of time.

It is doubtful whether the method lives up to its appearances. Here, for instance, is a passage from *Mary Olivier*, by Miss May Sinclair:—

"Sounds of wheels and of hoofs scraping up the hill. The Morfe 'bus, back from Reyburn. Catty's feet, running along the passage. The front door opening, then shutting. Dan hadn't come with the 'bus."

If one looks at this carefully one at first has a vivid impression. Then one begins to wonder whether it is more

than the result of a method; one can insert a few verbs and prepositions, and then read it as follows :—

"She heard the sounds of hoofs and wheels as the 'bus scraped up the hill: the Morfe 'bus, back from Reyburn. Catty ran along the passage; the front door opened, then shut. Dan hadn't come with the 'bus."

Now this is certainly less vivid than Miss Sinclair's phrases, but in a lowly way it is literature (that narrates) and not painting (that depicts). If one can so easily Victorianise the Neo-Georgian one grows less sure that here is a new goal for literature; one may even come to think that here is the same old goal reached by a new road, a road that is not kept in a very good state of repair, *and is unsuitable for long journeys*. That is important. The Frenchmen of the 'eighties knew the method and used it. They wrote in the present tense with the help of many dots and asterisks . . . but only when they wanted to produce an "impression" as a relief from "narrative"; they did not compose three hundred and sixty-eight pages of "impressions." *Mary Olivier* very interestingly exhibits the sensuous, sensitive heroine, in the midst of a living, passionate family: but whether Miss May Sinclair has gained any intensity by forsaking the jog-trot style of *The Three Sisters* is doubtful. If she has gained nothing, then the new method has no *raison d'être*.

Miss Dorothy Richardson, the leader in this method, is immensely inferior to Miss Sinclair, because Miss Sinclair selects detail with great subtlety, while Miss Richardson gives herself over to all and any details. She had no tradition to discard, and so an example taken from, say, *The Tunnel*, is more illuminating than the extract from Miss May Sinclair. Here are two meditations of the heroine :—

"She *was* beautiful. It was happiness to sit and watch her smoking so badly, in bed, in the strip of room, her cloud of hair against the wall in the candle-light; two o'clock . . . the Jesuit who had taught her chess . . . and Michael Somebody, the little book, *The Purple Pillar*."

Or:

"I've got that photograph of her as Marcia somewhere. I must put it up. Miss Spink was surprised that last week, the students getting me into their room . . . the dark clean shining piano, the azaleas and the muslin-shaded lamp."

Yes, we see the connection between the impressions. Mr. Péguy, Mr. Marcel Proust and various Frenchmen have used the method. Miss Richardson is showing us at work the consciousness of her heroine. The mind wanders, we know that, and this goes well enough for a few pages, but three hundred are wearisome. The method might be effective if we had to deal with a mind of extraordinary originality and unusual consecutiveness, but with the average mind the result is mental chaos. An ordinary novelist handles this by selecting among the thoughts those which are germane to the story. To the idea of selection it will be objected: "If you select, you are not telling the whole truth." That is so, but the whole truth is not literature. Literature rests on selection, and Miss Richardson throws at our feet a mess of curds and whey, in which lie a few pearls that we must root for. The literary hog finds this rather tiring. It suspects that, in this way, anybody could write a novel, and is inclined to call this kind of work the negation of all art. In practice, the method, by leaving out nothing, demands much space, so that a certain critic may be justified in calling *The Tunnel* the longest bore on earth. All these books are too long in proportion to their contents. Miss Richardson has now reached five volumes on one heroine . . . and Miriam is only twenty-five.

So far as it is possible jointly to criticise the five, one can say in general that their novels are poor in incident, which is natural since they are paintings in ink. Also, the effort towards colour leads to a certain churlishness of style (in Mr. Lewis), to a waspish old-maidishness (in Miss Romer Wilson and Miss Richardson). This arises naturally, as all style should, from a type of character which is fitted to semi-pathological analysis. Discarding psychology, and directing a sort of searchlight upon singularity, these novels tend to pivot on characters that are either brutish, neurotic, or rapturous. Their authors select crude characters, just as Mr. Gertler uses crude colour. They are wilfully anti-traditional. In a fervour of hatred and prejudice they set aside all modern literature that is not the product of their set; thus, while they respect, say, Samuel Butler or Charlotte Brontë, whose principal merit, in vorticist eyes, is that they are dead, they sneer at Mr. Wells, at

Mr. Shaw . . . without having read them. It is almost impossible to persuade them to try a novel by Mr. Galsworthy, or even by Mr. Walpole; they dismiss their predecessors on a single chance reading (or skimming) of some early work, and never give them the fair trial of a renewed examination; or they dismiss them on hearsay. Few of the Neo-Georgians have read *Tono-Bungay*, or *The Man of Property*, or *The Celestial Omnibus*, or even *The White Peacock*. They are as narrow and as unjust as the bourgeois who rushes out of a picture gallery, reviling a vorticist picture without looking at it.

Without stressing the pictorial comparison, one can say that the five are the slaves of impression. Their work seems to rest on that alone, and to amount to impression without conception. They make pictures of states of mind, and, by giving all the details of these states of mind, they end by imparting to all impressions the same value. (They will say that this is their object, because the eye, unlike the brain, is not a judge; thus they define their divorce from pure literature.)

This leaves only Mrs. Virginia Woolf, who has no link with the five, but has entered their period, as have also Mr. Alec Waugh, Miss Clemence Dane, and Miss V. Sackville-West. Mrs. Woolf is a complete writer, for she combines the intellectual outlook with the pictorial sense. In her book, *Night and Day*, we find amazing sensitiveness in the evocation of persons and places :—

"At the same time it seemed to Mr. Denham as if a thousand softly padded doors had closed between him and the street outside. A fine mist, the etherealised essence of the fog, hung visibly in the wide and rather empty space of the drawing-room, all silver where the candles were grouped on the tea-table, and ruddy again in the firelight. . . ."

"His deep, oval-shaped eyes were fixed upon the flames, but behind the superficial glaze seemed to brood an observant and whimsical spirit, which kept the brown of the eye still unusually vivid. But a look of indolence, the result of scepticism or of a taste too fastidious to be satisfied by the prizes and conclusions so easily within his grasp, lent him an expression almost melancholy."

This is not flung down as pearls among the curds and

whey of self-consciousness. It is linked, nobly coherent. Character develops; event follows on this development. Here is perfect aloofness, entire distinction; Mrs. Virginia Woolf outstrips all novelists of her period, for she possesses two qualifications for high literature: pity, and fine disdain.

Only, and that is perhaps why Mrs. Virginia Woolf finds strange bed-fellows in the Sacred Grove, her interest is so far confined to love in cultured society. Only the tip of her wing touches social impulses and intellectual movements in the masses of mankind. Here again, excessive prominence is given to minor emotions, while no space at all is accorded to social stirrings. There, presumably, is the burden of my present discontent. In regard to all this writing, however sincere, however distinguished, the same thing can be said: we are in the midst of a social rebirth, the prey of world movements, where Labour, Religion, Sex, Kingship, must be dealt with because they cannot be left out. Well, there so far arises in the Sacred Grove no one inclined to handle broad questions; the individual and the nature of art alone are interesting. But even if the Sacred Grove cared, a picture of the social revolution "written through the consciousness," or wholly seen from the terrace of a *café* in the Quartier Latin, would compare ill with the product of a cinema camera man. We cannot here enter into the obvious objection: mental revolutions do not concern literature. One can dismiss that with the reply that everything is the business of literature, and that the function of the novel is to hold up a mirror to the writer's period. The present moderns cannot do it, and do not want to. Thus they abandon illumination, and prove themselves unfit to fulfil the high function of the novel, which it took up a hundred years ago: to dispel error by exhibiting the period in which it flourishes, to use the battleaxe of understanding upon the thickets of prejudice and folly, to cut a trail through the foolish forests of the present, along which to drive the chariot of the future.

The Pull in the Blue Room

By Gerald Cumberland

"HALF-AN-HOUR has gone since dinner," he said to himself, his eyes upon the clock facing his bed, "and they may begin any minute. All over again. And to-morrow night the same, and the night after, and all the nights that I am here."

Lying on his back, the boy half-turned the upper part of his body, trying to bury his face in the pillow, as though the pain he dreaded were already upon him.

They always left his bedroom door and the door of the drawing-room open so that he might listen. There was not an act these two women did that was not meant for his pleasure or his comfort; for ten days they had seemed to live for him. And on this still, June night they had opened the window so that he might smell the damp fragrance of their English garden, and look out at the stars and on the bright glossiness of the leaves of the sycamore tree so strangely lit by the electric light in his bedroom. Within reach of his right hand was a bowl of roses; if he stretched out his left hand he could touch a miniature bookcase holding the books he loved. They thought of more things for his delight than he could think of himself. That is why he dared not tell them. Better far that he should suffer in so strangely horrible a manner than that he should risk wounding them ever so slightly by the appearance of ingratitude.

Waiting for the pain to begin seemed to him harder to bear than the pain itself.

As the clock struck the half-hour after nine, his eyes lit with relief. Perhaps they would not make him suffer to-night. Yet why had they left his door open? And the drawing-room door also was open, for he could hear their soft voices: her voice, always calm yet buoyant; her mother's voice, deep, with a little huskiness that made it sound tender. The voices grew louder, more distinct; he

could hear the two women coming upstairs. Thank God! Thank God a thousand times! There would be no suffering for him to-night!

They entered the room and came to his bedside, where they stood looking down smilingly upon him. The mother's left hand, half-hidden in the folds of her dress, gently clasped Helen's right. They were both tall and graceful, but whereas the elder woman's hair was dark and already streaked with grey, the younger's was tawny and lustrous. The boy gazed up at them with a quizzical smile.

"I'm 'at home' to-night," he said; "won't you sit down?"

"Well, we just thought we'd come and have a look at you," said Mrs. Durant; "it's so long since we've seen you."

"Yes, nearly two hours," said the boy, with a grin; "and here I've been pining and pining away with no one . . . but, I say! You must sit down! I insist! And stay a long time! Do! Promise me you will! Promise!"

His sudden and extraordinary vehemence startled her, and she shook her head.

"Oh, no; we mustn't do that. You were feverish last night."

"Yes, but that was after——" He stopped, confused; then:

"But I'd only one degree and a bit," he went on, recovering himself. "A hundred, wasn't it? That's nothing."

But they made no movement to sit down. Helen looked at him as he lay with his hands interlocked behind his head—looked and smiled.

"Are you better to-night? Is your leg comfortable?" she asked.

"Oh, yes—ever so much. In fact, I don't feel my leg's there at all. Are you sure they didn't cut it off when they gave me chloroform?"

He smiled up at them to see if they liked his joke.

"Well, as I said, we only just came to have a peep at you," said Mrs. Durant, making a movement towards the door.

"Oh, don't go: please, please don't!" he urged, anxiously and hurriedly.

"But we must, dear boy," said Mrs. Durant; "doctor's

orders. We'll come up to see you before we go to bed—unless you'd like me to turn the light out now."

"Are you going to sing?"

"If you'd like us to."

"Oh, yes, do sing. And leave the light on, please."

He caught her right hand in his, and held it firmly.

"Do you know," he began, coaxingly, "do you know I'm going to shave myself to-morrow morning for the first time since I fractured my silly leg?"

"Robert *will* be jealous," said Helen.

"Yes, won't he?" exclaimed the boy.

Mrs. Durant, seeing that he was really disturbed and realising that he was talking solely in order to keep them in his room, bent down and, disengaging her left hand from her daughter's, placed it for a moment upon his forehead.

"Yes, won't he?" he repeated. "But I've told him he may come and watch the performance if he likes."

"I'm glad you're going to shave yourself to-morrow," said Helen; "glad for two reasons."

"Are you? Why? Tell me both."

"The first is for your own sake—it shows you're getting better. The second is for mine: it's my birthday to-morrow, and I think it's a very nice event to happen on my birthday. I shall be eighteen."

"And so shall I. But I've been eighteen for nine months. I'm glad I'm older than you, but I knew I was."

"We mustn't stay, dear boy," said the lady who had taken him in, and nursed him, and loved him from the first.

He loosed his grasp of her hand and tried to smile; with an effort the smile came.

"You'll come back soon, won't you? Promise!"

"Yes," she answered; "in half-an-hour."

She led her daughter towards the door, and as they traversed the distance separating it from the bed, the boy gathered all his intellectual forces together and, deep in his mind, said soundlessly:

"Shut it! I command you to shut it! For God's sake, for *my* sake, do not leave it open!"

But they did. As he listened to their movements on their way downstairs, he crushed a groan that seemed to come from the very core of his being. He was to suffer, after all: God had willed it so.

He lay back, panting a little. Then, with his right hand he gently turned a screw fixed into a shaft of wood that stretched along the side of the bed from his foot to his thigh; as he turned the screw, the little platform holding his broken leg was gently raised into a position that gave him more comfort. The simple piece of machinery had been made by the village carpenter, with the doctor's approval, from a plan devised by Mrs. Durant herself. It was but one of the hundred things she had done for him whose very existence, ten days ago, was unknown to her. Not if he had been her son. . . .

He recalled everything: the walk along the cliffs from Poltesco to Black Head and the far-stretching view of sea and sea-hewn rock he had brooded upon; the eager, unheedful manner in which he had stepped forward, his sudden fall, his aimless grasp at nothing; his painful, slow return to consciousness; the men who came to lift and carry him; the lady on the road with her car; the journey to her beautiful house in Mullion in which he now rested. In the absence of his mother in Paris she had done everything—she and Helen.

And each night, after dinner, they sang to him duets by Brahms, Schumann and Schubert: sang so tenderly and rapturously that instead of the nervous pain he had always experienced when, by accident, he had heard, overheard, music, he now felt an agony that seemed to presage a dissolution of the spirit. For that was the boy's sole morbidity—an instant fear of music. Even as a child it had excited and tortured him, robbing him of self-control, making him tremble with an ecstasy in which pleasure took no part. All his boyhood through he had been guarded from music; as he approached young manhood, he had guarded himself. On those not infrequent occasions when escape from music was impossible, he had grimly clenched his teeth, tethered his emotions to his will, and suffered until all was over.

But now, his bruised and shaken body had bruised and shaken his mind, and his will had not its former powers of resistance and control. Moreover, the music his new friends had these last few nights begun to provide for him was so ravishingly, so meltingly, beautiful, that his torture became all the keener. No use for him to pull the bedclothes over his head and thrust a finger in each ear:

that but added to his pain: for the dimmer the music became, the more intimate and, therefore, the more disintegrating it seemed.

The clock showed a quarter to ten, but before the larger finger had crawled to the next minute on the clock's golden face, the piano had begun to sound out the opening chords of one of Brahms' songs. Instinctively, the boy interlocked his hands, set his teeth, and closed his eyes, for the assault of Beauty had begun once more. But, in an instant, he opened his eyes to their widest: they glittered with a relief that was almost rapturous. He unlocked his hands, and his tightly-closed lips opened and curved into a smile. Almost he laughed aloud, for he was free!—delivered from the bondage of his sick nerves! He was a man!—a normal man taking pleasure in all that was pleasurable! For the music came to him as refreshingly as the sudden, soft rain of an April evening. For the first time in his life he was listening to music with unalloyed enjoyment. What had wrought this miracle? By what means had the "cure" been made? But might not the agony return? Yes—it might—at any moment! But, no: the voices, rising and falling and intertwining, and blending with the music of the pianoforte, still gave him exquisite enjoyment. It lasted: it was permanent. He struggled for an instant to keep back his tears; then, with a careless smile, he let them come. Why not? Was there shame in tears of relief, in tears of joy?

The music ceased for a moment. Then began one of the Zuleika Lieder of Hugo Wolf, a song with a recurring swaying figure in the accompaniment, a song about Samarcand! That was Helen's voice! How eager the music was—how mystical, how devout! The last three notes, the boy thought, were like a prayer for something that the singer knew could never be vouchsafed. And he said to himself: "But are not those the very things we always pray for?"

Almost suddenly, he felt, vaguely but most disturbingly, that he was wanted by someone. His presence was being demanded. An unheard voice was calling him: it was as though he were being claimed by someone who had a right to him. Yes, now that he was aware of this need for him elsewhere, he was conscious that he had half-felt something

of the kind just before the music began; so this thing that pulled at him—that fastened its fingers on his heart-strings—had nothing to do with the music itself: it was not a direct or indirect result of his relief at his release from torture.

Then what was it? He asked himself this question once, but in his astonishment at the increasingly violent urgence of the call, he forgot to find an answer. It seemed to him that all his future happiness depended upon his obeying the unheard but emphatic voice.

"Bring him to me! Bring him! You promised me!"

And then another voice, or was it the same voice? commanded: "Come!"

Forgetting his fractured leg, he attempted to get out of bed; but the movement sent a shiver of pain through his body. He lay back on his pillow, perplexed, anxious, almost frenzied.

Downstairs Helen was again singing.

A voice like a clap of thunder shouted in his ear: "Come!" and it seemed to the excited boy that the sound of that voice reverberated upon the air. Distracted, he gazed wildly upon the blue walls of his room, on the blue curtains of his bed, and at the golden clock before him. It was not his body that was required: no: it was his spirit.

Then, with a sigh, he tried to project his consciousness outside its physical frame. But he failed, for his eyes still looked upon the objects in his bedroom. He tried again, willing his spirit to go; as he made the effort, he felt that a power outside himself was aiding him, was, as it were, sucking his soul into itself as a vacuum will suck in air. He was only half conscious now: soul and body were almost separated. Then, with a cry of delight, he called:

"Oh! I am starting now—*now!*"

Almost immediately he was conscious of being in a very dimly lit room. He could not see or feel himself, but he was *there*. He could hear the loud, excited breathing of people who are doing their utmost to maintain silence. The faces of these people were just perceptible. He counted eight women and two men, their faces white and strained and expectant. They appeared to be looking in his direction, but it was clear they could see nothing. Then the boy noticed a man in evening-dress standing by his side, almost touching him. Another man was lying back in an armchair

apart from the group of people; his eyes were shut, and he was breathing heavily. The boy, feeling strange and half afraid, waited for someone to speak to him; but the silence continued for a long time until, his discomfort becoming insupportable, he spoke.

"I am here," he said; "who was calling me?"

But the faces of the men and women were still white and strained and—expectant. They had not heard him, though his voice to him had sounded clear and strong.

"Does no one want me?" he called out. "Have I been brought here for nothing?"

No answer. Nothing but the sound of breathing and that repressed noiseless noise of people who dare not move. He realised that he was at a spiritualistic *séance*, and that the people seated in front of him were waiting for something momentous to happen.

Gradually, as he became accustomed to the darkness, the faces grew more distinct. He examined them, one by one. But it was an old lady in front who fixed his attention. She had yellowish-white hair; in her emaciated face her eyes burned fiercely and hungrily. It seemed to the boy as though it were her hunger that kept her alive. As he gazed at her face, upon which he could see hope and doubt continually in conflict, he began to experience an emotion of mingled love and pity which grew and grew until it foamed about him like a breaking wave. She might have been part of himself, so near did she seem. In some unknown way, some divine way, they were akin. It was so. It was *she* who had called him! A long time ago he was hers, and she his. They had lived together. His spirit was *her* spirit—given to him by her. With his eyes still upon her, he spoke again.

"It was *you* who called me. I came gladly. Speak to me!" But his eager voice evoked no response.

The moments slid one by one from the future into the past. The boy felt encompassed by mystery. He knew nothing of what was happening; he only knew that he felt towards that old lady as he felt—as he felt towards—towards—his mother! But his mother was young and happy, whereas this lady was old and tragically miserable. Had he had another life not so very long ago?—a life lived in babyhood in this woman's arms?—a childhood in which

he had prayed at her knees, a young manhood . . . ? He did not finish his questions, for they all answered themselves before he had time to formulate them. Yes: he knew: he *knew*. He had lived before upon this earth, within the lifetime of many of those present in the room. And the old lady with the feverish eyes, sitting so near at hand, had been—his mother!

Overcome by love and compassion, he moved towards her and stopped at her side. Putting a hand upon her shoulder, he bent down and kissed her; but he might have been kissing the dead for all the response she made.

Then he noticed that he, his spirit, was slowly becoming visible; in the jargon of the spiritualists, he was "materialising"; a faint phosphorescent figure stood where he was standing: it had his shape. He was wearing the long old-fashioned nightgown that, because of his fractured leg, Mrs. Durant had provided for him instead of pyjamas. He looked upon his own apparition with wonder and fear as it thickened and glowed more intensely.

"He has come! Look!" said a man, in a low, startled voice; as he spoke, he rose hurriedly, pointing a finger and upsetting his chair.

Three or four voices began speaking together, and the boy noticed with dismay that the old lady, and those near her, drew away from him with movements of fear. The man in evening-dress stepped towards him, saying to those who had come to the *séance*:

"Keep silent, I beg. There is no reason for alarm."'

But the old lady spoke out in a firm voice:

"That is not my son! That is not Frank! You promised to bring him to me! You promised!"

The boy moved away from the group of people; he felt as though he had been struck by someone he loved.

"Someone called me, so I came. It was *you* who called me!" he said, looking at the old lady who returned his gaze with unrecognising eyes.

But it was clear that no one heard him.

"Are you sure this is not your son?" asked the man in evening-dress.

"Quite, quite sure," answered the old lady, disdainfully; "do you think a woman would not know her own son, even if he had been dead for nineteen years?"

The boy winced. Why was she treating him thus? Could mother-love so soon perish?

The medium who had been lying back in the armchair, with eyes closed, returned to consciousness. He opened his eyes, gazed around him for a moment, and stood up.

"Well," said he, "everything satisfactory?"

For a moment the eyes of all rested upon him, returning almost immediately to the boy who had been called and whom nobody wanted. He shrank, dismayed, before their gaze. They suspected him; they were afraid of him.

"It is an evil spirit!" exclaimed someone; "see, he does not go!"

"An evil spirit!" echoed the women in frightened tones, drawing away.

Someone turned on the lights, and the boy felt a hostile, angry force seeking blindly to repel him. In the full light his phosphorescent body was no longer apparent.

"He has gone!" said the man in evening-dress.

"No! he is still here!" shouted he who had called the boy an evil spirit. "He is still here, I tell you. I can feel him among us!"

The little throng of people rushed to the door in terror, and, as they did so, the boy felt the hostile force thrusting him out—out—out! And, also, somebody called him; somebody was weeping over him; somebody was afraid on his account! He felt it; he *knew* it. He was being loved by someone far away. . . .

Lying on his bed, he slowly opened his eyes. Helen was leaning by his side, her arms around his head, her lips on his forehead, her tears falling upon his hair.

He spoke.

"What is the matter?" he asked; "have I been ill?"

She drew back at once.

"Oh, Jack," she said, almost blinded by relief; "are you, indeed, alive? Mother and I thought that something —that something . . . you must have fainted!"

"Yes," he said, wearily. "I have a feeling that I have been thrust away by someone—someone I love and someone who, I must believe, loves me."

American Sidelights on England

By Shaw Desmond

The British public is at the moment puzzled as to whether America is a friend or merely an "ally." So much interested or sentimental nonsense of the "Hands Across the Sea" type has been written about American friendship, the League of Nations, and the economic relations of the two countries, that the actual facts have become blurred.

From a mass of informative conversation, etc., in America, I reached the conclusion that political and economic interests have combined to hide, in England, the real facts of the American outlook on things British, and decided that the triune forces constituting what we may call "the American problem" are (1) psychology, (2) economics, and (3) Ireland—in the order named.

Some of the statements in this article may prove unpalatable, but the writer believes they represent, and without pretending to commit anybody but himself, roughly, the facts. At least they are neither "official" nor "inspired."

To crystallize the American attitude to England (one had nearly written Europe) in a few words: there is a certain official clique which, either from sincere personal regard for and belief in Anglo-American friendship or from motives of State are anxious for a closer *rapprochement*, and there is a bigger and more assertive body of "Monroe Doctrine" officials who, unmoved by sentiment, are disposed either to a policy of "watchful-waiting" or one of downright opposition to any closer ties. When we come to analyse broadly the American masses to-day, we shall not perhaps be far wrong in saying that, as a whole and with certain minority exceptions, they are either indifferent or actively hostile to England (in the latter case especially where the tireless Sinn Fein propaganda runs). To sum

up: "America for the Americans and no entanglements!" represents the broad American view of the moment.

And the reasons?

The prime factor in the detached Platonism of the American view of England lies in the basically different psychologies of the two nations. Climate makes character. Despite common roots, the American character tends more and more to diverge from that of the Anglo-Saxon. The American self-confidence and assertiveness, with its contempt for tradition—so often confused with "boastfulness"—is born of youth and virility; the English reticence, of maturity and age. The American has the receptiveness of youth, combined with an extraordinary belief in America (he is entirely sure, for example, that America won the war) and a certain contempt, mingled with a curious deference where "culture" is concerned, for the older European. Above all, the American, like the Celt, is emotional; the Englishman, the thing that is its exact opposite—sentimental. With the exception of a common Anglo-Saxon belief in democracy and a genius for politics, one scarcely knows a single point shared by both. The admixture of some twenty millions of Irish and the non-Saxon millions of other races have had much to do with this.

There is no use blinking facts, though there is nothing in these facts to prevent an excellent understanding between England and America. Opposites in countries, as in marriage, often make the best unions.

Leaders of British diplomatic missions, some of whom the writer met in the States, are ignorant of these things, because they mix only and by inclination in circles carefully prepared for them, the views of which more or less coincide with their own; they meet only the "big men;" and they consequently never get a line upon American opinion in the mass. They see *some Americans*, not *America*.

Psychology and economic are more intimately blended in the United States than in Europe, because youthful America has not yet entirely segregated "feeling" from finance. Leaving, however, psychology on one side, economics are the driving force which ruthlessly determines America's orientation to England.

America's captains of finance are entirely brain-clear about three things which in their mind are the determining

factors of this orientation. First, that prior to the war Europe, including England, was largely living upon America's surplus food production, and that since then Europe has become steadily more and more dependent upon America. Secondly, that England is heavily in her debt. Thirdly, that these two things give America the dominating position of the workhouse master to the pauper. This last may, however, have been modified by the recent American realisation of trade fall through cancellation of cotton and other orders by England, demonstrating that capital has become so internationalised that possibly a creditor country cannot afford to "cut the painter" of a debtor country.

The scare of the impending destruction of the American export trade because she refuses to underwrite the League of Nations, or because she has stopped the loan-drench, is, however, leaving America quite unmoved. Americans are remembering that in the eleven months ending November, 1919, they sold abroad seven and a quarter billions of dollars of goods—peace goods—as against five and a half billions of what were largely war goods, in 1918. They believe they can ignore England, and even Europe if necessary, in face of the fact that to South America alone in that eleven months they sold 411 millions as against 275 millions of dollars the year before, and that they sold in that time to Asia and Oceania *twice as much* as they sold South America.

They sold in the same period in North America, outside of the U.S.A., despite Canada's stoppage of buying war materials, some $1,161,000,000 and in Africa nearly $100,000,000, as against $57,000,000 in 1918! America to-day believes that America is self-contained—"watertight," as they have it—and this view was expressed repeatedly to me in various cities. A former Commissioner of Immigration and other men with their fingers on the pulse of their country said they believed America would soon shut its doors upon immigration for a term of years "to give hyphenated-Americanism time to become American."

With the triple realisation above there goes another—that the European economists and statesmen are "drunk on words" and without policy, and a growing belief that the

work of MM. Clemenceau and Lloyd George at the Peace Conference, with special regard to "the smashing of Germany" and the dragging of England at the triumphal car of French *revanche*, is fast leading to European chaos and bankruptcy. Mr. Maynard Keynes' revelations in this connection have tended to make that belief certainty.

The recent Secretary of the U.S. Treasury's declaration that America meant to stop her loans to Europe makes this clear. Nor, may it be said, does the recent British official denial that England wants any further loans, or assertion that Sir George Paish, who has been stumping the States for £3,000,000,000 to save England and Europe, has no official standing, go far with shrewd Americans. The conviction steadily grows that Europe and England are bankrupt and America means, so far as modern economics allow, to cut the painter, even though it may also mean "cutting the loss."

All this serves to anneal the growing American view that the word of the statesman is but "a statesman's word," and that the British statesmen, like European statesmen generally, are suffering from the disease of age—*arterio sclerosis*. The only policy which could rehabilitate the pre-war belief in British statesmanship is: (1) "making a clean breast" to the nation of England's desperate financial position; (2) the initiation of a definite and simple inter-Allied financial policy, which by restoring German industry would give the Allies, England included, a chance to re-establish maximum production; (3) steps to deflate currency; (4) the reduction of armaments (the £650,000,000 Army and Navy estimates have put the final touch to American scepticism); (5) effective taxation and proper apportionment of credits; and (6) the abolition of secret diplomacy. Hoover's original warning: "Produce or perish" is, in a sentence, America's attitude. Even to-day I believe America, if only for her own sake, would give ample credit for raw materials, currency, etc., *if England gave Europe a lead in "setting her house in order."*

In all this there is no direct enmity to England.

I was constantly assured of the high standing of individual Englishmen in American eyes, and I remember Mr. Eliot Goodwin, Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce at Washington, saying to me very earnestly:

"It is most important for the world that a good understanding be built up between England and America;" and, referring to the new American merchant fleet and the impending struggle for the seas: "It is a thousand pities that this struggle should commence. It could have been saved some time ago by a little intelligent handling." Officials of the Domestic and Foreign Bureau, as of the former War Trade Bureau, spoke to me in a similar strain about American goodwill towards England, which again I noticed in the University Club was brought out by Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, Under-Secretary for the Navy, who has won the confidence of both Republican and Democrat.

If that goodwill has been impaired, it is due, frankly, to the reasons given above.

American financiers were very modest and guarded in their statements as to the possibility of New York displacing London as the world's banking centre, a possibility at least contemplated by them in view of the fact that the war has changed America from a debtor nation to Europe for from four to six billion dollars to a creditor nation which has lent Europe $9,500,000,000. In a conversation with a leading Lombard Street banker the other day, he did not deny this possibility.

With all this question of economics is, of course, bound up the League of Nations and Mr. Wilson, who, for Anglo-American friendship, has been a Man of Fatality. At date, the position of the League is this. The Republicans, headed by Senator Lodge, are deadly opposed to ratification of the Covenant as it stands and, as one thinks, to its signing under any conditions. Some of the Democratic Senators are also opposed, and few would be found to back President Wilson in his demand for its full acceptance "without the alteration of the dotting of an 'i' or the crossing of a 't.'" Upon a national referendum vote the majority of the American people would undoubtedly to-day vote against the signing of the Covenant in its original form—perhaps in any form. As an American traction magnate expressed it to me: "We don't want living America tied to dying Europe."

In all this, the position of President Wilson in a country where personality counts for everything and has a habit of becoming confused with principle is unworthy. No man

has been more misrepresented by his European friends. The fact is, he is a broken man physically, and, in the eyes of the mass of his countrymen, by whom he is regarded as corroded with ambition, belongs to the past. He has "got up the back" of the American nation. His autocracy and his complete undoing at the hands of MM. Clemenceau and Lloyd George have had a dual effect upon the American people. They have resented the former and felt that the latter brought humiliation upon America.

Whilst nobody alleges in America that the President is not "straight," and whilst he still has a following, he is the best hated man in the country. At a public dinner in New York I have seen a New York lawyer change colour as he spoke about him; listened to an insurance president, who had been to Princeton with him, first become blasphemic, then speechless, in referring to him; and found generally, especially amongst those big business men who rule America, an extraordinary bitter and personal hatred of the President, often unjustified.

Nothing was ever farther from the truth than the assumption by England that Mr. Wilson represented America. Before the Versailles conference he represented a portion of America—after it, he represented little but himself. England has all along been backing the wrong horse.

The thousand-odd business captains who gathered recently in New York at the Hotel Astor dinner made this plain. After attacking the President's policy and denouncing all compromise upon the rejection of the League, the gathering reached the high point of ignition upon the speech of Senator Rees, who summed up the creed of the modern American as follows:—

> "I know but one allegiance—my country.
>
> "I recognise but one flag—the Stars and Stripes.
>
> "I would no more haul down the American flag at the request of a President than at the command of kings.
>
> "I would not sacrifice one whit of the liberties of the American people for the benefit of all the aliens born of woman."

And, despite the official denial, there was Admiral Sims' pronouncement about "as soon fighting Britain as Germany."

No wonder that America, though invited, was unrepresented at the signing of the Peace Treaty.

Here let us define the position of the President to the Senate. The Senate, under the American Constitution, is an independent body with independent powers where treaties are concerned. Mr. Wilson's commitments, committed it to nothing. Under the Constitution a conflict between Executive and Legislature is always possible, which means, as Americans were careful to point out, that if the Covenant of the League stood unaltered, some future President could commit the U.S.A., through its League representative, to some policy disapproved by the Legislature.

But behind all and dominating all in America's refusal to sign the original Covenant is the Monroe Doctrine, which, summed up, means only: "The Americas for the Americans!"

But if all else were agreed between England and America, Ireland alone would still be the ghost at the feast of international understanding.

Ireland has been seventy-five years in American politics, in which the Irish genius for politics has led to a dominating place for Irishmen. Wherever I went in America, men of every type and position in life, both Republican and Democrat, said to me: "What about Ireland?" At an address by Lord Reading to some two thousand of America's leading business and professional men, I heard man after man as we went out say: "But he said nothing about Ireland? Why?"

I have seen an Irish parade in New York in which, literally, thousands of American soldiers in khaki marched past hour by hour—all bearing the Irish Republican colours down Fifth Avenue. Every Irish-American who died on the West Front is regarded as not only dying for America and democracy—but for Ireland. America to-day is not Nationalist—she is Sinn Fein.

Ireland to the American mind is the supreme blot upon the British championship of the small nations, and in the American eye lies like a shadow upon all that England has done in the war.

It is impossible in the limits of this article to describe the ceaseless Irish propaganda against England. It goes

on, literally, day and night, carried by tongues of flame and printed word. The cities and villages of the East, as of that hub of America, the Middle West, right across the continent to San Francisco, are being sown with millions of articles and pamphlets. De Valera has received a national tribute denied to kings, and the American Senate voted by sixty to one that the Sinn Fein leaders should be heard at the Peace Conference. I myself have met one of Chicago's first criminal lawyers, not an Irishman, who had been in Ireland collecting evidence against British rule, which he was preparing for his 13,000 syndicated newspapers and periodicals—and his was only one voice of thousands. Until Ireland is settled, nothing is settled.

To accept the psychological differences as fact and to make allowance for them; to change radically the economic policy of the Old Men of the Sea upon the lines indicated; to settle with Ireland at whatever cost . . . there lies the policy leading to a genuine and lasting Anglo-American understanding, making for righteousness throughout the world. Is there an English Government or statesman with the vision to see it or the courage to initiate it?

America is waiting.

As a Grain of Mustard Seed

By S. H. McGrady

I

Verney and the two other candidates waited in the anteroom until the education committee came to a decision.

Out of forty-five applicants for the post of assistant master at Bannock Grammar School three had the honour to be selected for a personal interview.

The three rivals sat looking at one another.

"Education committee! What a collection!" exclaimed Verney. "It's about time these education committees had a few educated men on them for a change."

"Grocers and butchers and bakers—the usual crew," agreed one of the others.

The third man—shabbily though tidily dressed, pale and insignificant—addressed himself to Verney.

"You've got the job—I feel sure."

"I really don't care whether I get it or not," said Verney. "I want a change—that's all."

The other did not answer, but, nervously clasping his hands, glanced in the direction of the door, behind which in solemn state the assembly of ancient-looking tradesmen held debate.

"You'll get it," stammered the little man again.

Verney felt quite sorry for him. He seemed so shy and miserable and helpless.

At that moment the door of the committee room opened and the headmaster entered.

"Mr. Verney," he announced with an air of importance befitting the occasion, "I have to inform you that the committee has decided in your favour. If you will all see the clerk, you will receive the expenses of the railway journey—third class, of course."

The little man gave a groan of despair. Clumsily he fumbled with the sleeves of a threadbare overcoat, and

picking up his bowler hat, without a word walked slowly and dejectedly from the room.

"Seems a bit cut up," remarked the third man. "There is no train yet awhile. Let's go and have a drink."

They went out together.

"Yes; you'd think he had just missed a chance of becoming Prime Minister," said Verney, laughing. "Miserable little worm!"

"He has a wife and three children to provide for—so he was telling me."

"Poor devil!" commented Verney. "What are you going to have?"

"Liqueur—to start with," said his unsuccessful rival cheerfully.

II

The first thing that Verney did when he got back was to look up his friend Smith.

He found him reading a yellow-backed novel by the fire.

"How did you get on, old man?"

"Got the job. Of course, it is more money than I'm getting here, and I'm sick of this place; but all the same I'm almost sorry.

"How's that?" asked Smith, turning down the corner of the page to serve as a book-mark.

"There was a miserable specimen of a man, with an ailing wife and three kids. I wish he had got the job now."

"Rot! It's not your fault. Struggle for existence—survival of the fittest—and all that, you know."

"Well, let's have a nice little dinner somewhere, and a music-hall afterwards. I'm standing treat."

III

The waiter, not knowing they were schoolmasters, took them for gentlemen. For this curious mistake he can scarcely be blamed in an age when a man's social position is graduated according to his income. Besides, Verney ordered the wine like a connoisseur.

They chatted their way through the courses.

"That's a pretty girl over there."

"You remember what the old Roman said——"

"Confound your old Roman! A pretty girl, dainty

and fresh as an almond tree in blossom, and you start talking about the Romans!"

"Men like ourselves are foolish to think of a girl, let alone marry her."

"In heaven's name, why?"

"We are educated men. For this reason we shall probably fall in love with an educated woman. Then, when we have married her, we shall discover we are too poor for a woman of education and refinement, and that it would have been kinder to elope with the charwoman's daughter, who would be quite happy roughing it."

"Well, you know what Socrates said when a man asked him whether to get married or remain single."

"At it again!"

"'Whichever you do, you'll regret it.'"

"In this country no one cares a hang about education—perhaps they're right."

"It was Martin Luther, I believe——"

"You're getting quite modern in your quotations!"

"Luther said that no matter how much gold a teacher received, he could never be paid his full value."

"Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian," exclaimed Verney, laughing.

"Cynic!"

With a gesture of impatience, Verney pushed away his plate.

"Another mouthful, and I should choke."

He emptied his glass.

"Waiter! Another bottle of Muscadel!"

There was silence for a moment. Then Verney, leaning across the table, said:

"Do you know, I feel, somehow or other, that to-night is a turning-point in my life. From the moment we sat down at this table I have been thinking of nothing else but that common-place, little man who failed to get the job this afternoon. Look at him and his wife and kids. I wonder how many posts he has applied for without so much as an acknowledgment—every day getting nearer and nearer to poverty, wondering where the next rent is to come from, going without food, worrying himself to death. And there are thousands and thousands of men in the same position. The social system of to-day is a whited sepulchre. It

means that every man who gets a job is pushing another human being down. It means that for every mouthful of food I swallow someone else has to go hungry. Good God, man!—the thing's damnable. And we boast of our civilisation—profess and call ourselves Christians!"

"Don't shout, old chap," remonstrated Smith nervously.

"Christianity! Hypocrisy! It's like everything else—like the English Constitution, and our attitude towards the sex question. For six days we respectable Christians rob our neighbours—keeping within the law, of course—and on the seventh we put on black clothes and go to church or chapel to mutter superstitious gibberish, the meaning of which we don't pretend to understand, still less believe. Ninety-nine in a hundred of us haven't even read the Bible. Only agnostics do that nowadays. And we go about imagining ourselves Christians!"

"Do be quiet, Verney—half the room is watching you."

"Let them, old boy—let them. I'm an atheist—so I've read the Bible, and I'll tell you what Christ said and didn't say.

"He didn't say a grocer who owns a small shop is a tradesman, while a grocer who owns a street full of shops is a gentleman. He said, 'Blessed are the poor.'

"He didn't say—cheat your neighbour, grind him down, get rich quick, let the weakest go to the wall, and the devil take care of the hindmost. He said, 'Love your neighbour as yourself.'

"No; I'm not drunk, old boy—though I have had a glass or two. A vision—that's all; for the first time I see things clearly. My God! What a Hell we live in! We can't work, can't eat, can't keep ourselves alive without injuring someone every minute of our existence. Let's get outside in the fresh air. I'm going home. I want to be alone—to think things over. . . ."

IV

Afterwards, alone in his rooms, Verney tried to think calmly. Of one thing he was certain—since the afternoon his whole mental attitude towards life had changed. Changed—yes; but in what way?

Never before had he realised so clearly the mockery of the social system under which he lived. Always he had

ridiculed the mummery of official Christianity. Did not the Churches deliberately ignore every word of Christ's teaching that really mattered, the sermon on the mount, for example? Did not this sordid, material attitude prove that Christianity had failed, and would always fail?

Then, suddenly, the truth flashed upon him.

Christianity had never yet had a chance.

No—he saw it clearly now—the Galilean peasant had never had a chance. The legends and superstitions that had collected round his name, the vested interests of priests and politicians, the bigotry, the cruelty—these were what passed as Christianity. But Christ's solution of the social problem had not even been given a trial.

Hitherto he had read the Bible as one of the sources of English language and literature. But to-night a thousand strange thoughts were seething in his brain. Moved by a sudden, overwhelming impulse, he touched the bell.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Hunt, but would you mind lending me a Bible for a few minutes?"

The plump, good-natured landlady deposited two heavy black volumes upon the table. It was not everyone she would have trusted with her precious family Bible, but she was fond of Verney.

He opened the New Testament. Everywhere, as he turned over the pages, the words of Christ revealed, as if by magic, a meaning new and vivid. He stood—like the men of old—by the blue, laughing waters of the lake, with the scorching rays of the sun on his face, and ringing in his ears the gentle, everlasting voice.

Then, at last, written in letters of fire, illuminating like some blazing torch the confines of the abyss, came these words:

"For verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

The words fascinated him. He repeated them aloud, again and again. Oriental hyperbole! Or was Faith the key to all things? Faith—not in the dry bones of Christianity, not in the ghoulish creeds of babbling ecclesiastics—but in the real Christ. Faith—even as a grain of mustard seed. Faith. . . .

"Ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove."

For a moment he hesitated, wondering and afraid. Then, impulsively, pulling down an atlas from the book-shelf, he opened it; and without even glancing at the page, closing his eyes, he placed his finger on the map.

Trembling, he again repeated the mighty words.

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove."

And falling upon his knees—clenching his hands, his eyelids tightly pressed together, concentrating his mind, fighting desperately to shut out every other thought, unconscious of his surroundings—he began to pray.

V.

The next morning, when Mrs. Hunt brought up the shaving water, Verney was the kindly, tolerant cynic again.

"What a fool I must have made of myself," he thought, as he turned on the bath-room tap. "Talk about faith moving mountains! Ha! Ha! I shall be joining the Salvation Army next!"

Breakfast, with Mrs. Hunt's unfailing punctuality, was on the table. Verney poured out a cup of coffee and helped himself to bacon and eggs. The best rooms he had ever had. What a pity that miserable little man didn't get the job. And next term he might be unlucky, and catch a real tartar of a landlady—a regular old dragon.

Carelessly he opened the morning paper.

Like a flood the bold, black headlines surged upon him:

"Great Earthquake at Messina.
"Whole Town Wiped Out.
"Terrible Scenes."

Trembling and afraid, with quivering lips and wildly beating heart, Verney sat there, gazing with staring eyes at the swimming printed page.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Owing to the continuous inflation, which means higher prices and higher wages, The English Review is compelled to follow suit and raise its price to 2*s*. net, beginning with the April issue; when it will still be the cheapest Review of its kind on the market.

We would call the attention of all readers to the desirability of placing their orders either direct at this Office or at their usual bookstalls and bookshops owing to the difficulties necessitated by restriction.

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The English Review,
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Deflation the Only Remedy

By Austin Harrison

It is a generation since men talked political economy, a subject which dried up with the Victorians. In the 'nineties wealth seemed to be established definitely above the speculations of theory, nor did the debt incurred over the South African war disturb the easy tenour of our mechanism. Indeed, it was widely thought that wealth had neutralised war, and in that frame of mind war struck us.

Now once more we are thrown back upon the subject of discussion of our fathers. A year after the Peace of Paris political economy is seen to be the one vital issue of both Treaty and of War. The definition of wealth; the distribution of credit, its function and limitations; foreign exchanges; the gold standard; prices and the source of prices; labour and capital; currency, inflation, the debt, the very meaning of credit—these have once more become life issues, so much so that the world's economic mechanism is the world's political issue.

This time the problem is not academic, it is portentously real, yet the more actual it grows the greater would seem its mystery. Why is there a mystery? Is there any mystery? I submit that there is no mystery at all. The only real perplexity exists in determining the values of opinion in modern democratic conditions where shriek and sensationalism, by eliminating authority, confuse and obfuscate realities. In a word, there is nothing new about political economy. The Federation of British Industries may think they know better, but, as a fact, Adam Smith holds good, and unless a national debt is not a debt but a "spook" the laws of the old economists apply as rigidly to-day as they did when gold was our standard and Government money was not printed at the whim of Cabinet irresponsibility.

The economic position of Europe to-day is unique. Unless we again resort to artificial regulation of the ex-

change with America, we can only buy from her at a great loss; and France can only buy from us at a greater loss—France is raising a foreign loan to help Budget; and Italy can already hardly buy from either of us. So much for the Entente position. In Russia we have complete economic stoppage, due to politics and the blockade. East of the Rhine we have a group of little Peoples, our friends, who have no credit and are forced to spend the credits we allow them, not for production but on militarism; all the late enemy countries are bankrupt and cannot produce, that is, trade, because they have been deindustrialised or deprived of "raw" and credit. In a word, our economic mechanism is in chaos. Faced with stupendous debts, the victorious Powers refuse to Budget, and the rest of Europe cannot, nor can it buy or sell. On the top of that position, the only great credit nation left refuses to underwrite chaos, that is, to provide more credits on no security. The direct result is a continuous rise in prices followed by continuous depreciation. The political economy of Governments is inflation. We are all making mountains of money—on paper.

At last even Mr. Chamberlain, who refuses a capital levy, seems to be perturbed. The bankers have been assembled. Mr. McKenna has made a speech. Yet there is no panacea, we are told. The word is production (not super-production). At least we mark progress. But that is only a partial remedy, because nations exist on trade. To sell, others must be able to buy—they cannot. Even the new little creations can only buy the firearms we "liberated" them for on our credit. Thus Poland's finance *cannot even be "pegged."* And again to buy one must be able to pay—we are rapidly getting into the *impasse* of not being able to pay owing to the loss on the pound. And so we approach a world crisis, which may be called the crisis of "soft" money as the result of a mad gamble in frenzied industrialism, the F.B.I. policy.

How is this? What is the diagnosis? The answer is politics. At Paris politicians refused political economy to play politics. They made a Europe which cannot recover because the sources of wealth and the mechanism of credit have been taken away.

When they found that this political ingenuity had smashed their own indemnity policy, they naïvely assumed

that America would finance the quagmire. America refuses. And so there we are with the "fruits" on paper. Dead Sea apples, that is all. The victorious Powers each owe one another mountains of debts; and they can no longer trade with one another in consequence of the inequity of their several credit positions. European credit thus has reached its breaking-point. That is the cause of our difficulty, and this. We have wasted a year in Stock Exchange speculation. The international Economic Council which is to be called ought to have sat a year ago. Frivolling in dreams of Napoleonism, Governments, instead of facing economic facts, painted political maps, devised vast schemes of imperalism, fantastic plots of control, and in their imagination saw a super-industrialised State in happy possession of 60 per cent. of all the "raw" and all the dividends in the world. To-day they are slowly coming back to earth. The most incompetent Government in modern times is forced to look up Adam Smith.

What really happened at Paris was this. Capital, or business, controlled the politicians, not economists, and so there was no scientific thought or impersonal intelligence. The business men, who are for the most part curiously unlearned in political economy and read little, saw gorgeous dividends. Their first thought was super-production; their second, rivet the German market and we eliminate competition; their third brain wave, no doubt caused by fear of Bolshevism, was inflation. And this has been the policy of Britain and France since the armistice. It is to this policy of inflation that we owe the staggering crisis now beginning.

Inflation means increase of prices or depreciation. The industrial world favoured it in their fear of Labour because of the increase of wages, the idea being that wages can always be met *provided* the consumer pays the difference. They even looked on the debt, and still do, from that angle. Depreciate the currency sufficiently, and you effect a pretended payment of the debt. As a policy it is popular because plausible. It has this advantage (?), that it brings about a rise in profits followed by a rise in wages, an abundance of money—the Government being the banker—and general scarcity of supply; in a word, false prosperity based on monopoly prices, the laws of supply and demand

being eliminated. And such is our exact position, as the result of a year of "attractive" prospectuses. Industrialists have deliberately pushed this "bucket shop" policy in order to avoid a real convertibility of borrowed money, and so far has this fallacious and iniquitous method been prosecuted that Governments have been compelled to provide insurance against falling prices—thus our wheat policy, which must fail on the weather—always at the expense of the consumer, as he is to-day slowly becoming uncomfortably aware of. These men have sought to carry out a *disguised repudiation.* The game—it is nothing else, for war debt is a dead weight—is to "pay off the debt" by depreciation of currency; that is, to avoid a real transfer of value from the nation to the State, such as would be involved in a capital levy or levy on war profits. Needless to say, all serious economists have condemned this trickery, which is a very old pitfall explained in all text-books.

But there it is. Such has been our policy on the lines of the French *assignats* which led to the Revolution, and at the time of writing there is small evidence of a change. We are out for inflation, whereas all competent thinkers know, as America has warned us, that the sole escape from a crash is deflation.

The evils of inflation are everywhere apparent to-day. We are rolling in money, shares are flung at investors. Prices are soaring and will continue to rise the more we inflate, and so we revel in an orgy of new capital issues and "attractive" prospectuses, while the monopolists grow stronger and stronger, fixing prices on the security of Government inflation of money and of credit.

Ask a monopolist about a capital levy and he replies, "It is not feasible." His game is to prevent a real transfer because his mechanism is credit, not money, and that is why he is indifferent to rising wages so long as the consumer can be made to adjust the balance. Thus we have this paradox, that the State can raise £8,000,000,000 in war—on confidence—but cannot effect a transfer in time of peace or productivity. Which means that credit is susceptible politically but inviolate individually. That is, a nation in war might raise £20,000,000,000 *qua* nation, but it cannot so act in peace; in other words, credit in war is a myth. Now, if so, a national debt is not a reality, it is subject

to predilection. If I owe Jenkins £1,000, I must pay; but if the nation owe the State £8,000,000,000 it cannot pay. What does this mean? It means this, that if the credit raised is not a transferable value, then the only alternative is repudiation or depreciation. But this, we know, is wicked nonsense. Our business men then do not understand their own economic mechanism. In depreciating currency, they hoped to "monkey" their own security.

For if they function on credit, credit (*credere*, faith) is confidence, and that confidence will be destroyed when the consumer or middle-class realises that inflation means monopolist prices at their expense, and that the only real transfer of value affects the general public who deal in money and have to find it, and not the monopolists who deal in credit, which, according to their own imputation, is not convertible, but rather is the mechanism for controlling prices or depreciating money and its purchasing power. And this is the problem. According to capital we cannot collect; a levy is unrealisable. Instead it offers the public greater depreciation of purchasing power, plus higher prices, *i.e.*, Adam Smith's "suicide" point.

What is called the war between Capital and Labour is to-day a misnomer. The new war is finance or the monopolists *versus* the middle-class, because, as dividends fight wages, so the adjustment lies with the intervening class, and so long as this class can or will pay the higher prices, the wage-prices position can be upheld; but the moment that class cannot or will not pay—and we shall be nearing that point soon—then the inflation policy will collapse. And this is Europe's problem as the result of war. Accurately stated, it is finance in control of its mechanism, controlling credit on the security of Governments and so politics and the Press, fighting to secure its monopolist estate at the expense of the consumer, as the set-off to Labour, whose wage demands Capital can always meet so long as the consumer is content to be the differential. And to effect this end, credit is aiming at a "corner" in credit. It hopes to establish a complete monopolist estate controlling prices and Governments. What this means is that Capital, in its frantic desire to avoid a real transfer sufficient to wipe out the debt, seeks to throw the burden of the war debt on to

the public, thus gravely accentuating the inequity and iniquity of distribution of income, of purchasing-power, and of credit of both Labour and the middle-class, which injustice is the cause of the world industrial unrest.

This is the true explanation of the ridiculous, because unnecessary economic position in which we find ourselves to-day. Acting in defiance of all economic laws, our business men stopped the export of gold, politically stopped competition so as to secure monopolist markets—hence the de-industrialisation of Europe, which has been reduced to a low economic productivity; imagining they could corner European markets by refusing credit to their own prospective buyers. That is why the economic provisions of the Treaty were so vindictive; these commercial gentlemen who do not study political economy thought they were doing good business. And for a year they boomed. But to-day they are pulled up, because America refuses to underwrite chaos any longer, having herself to buy and sell in European markets. The Federation of British Industries did not think. Their corner in credit is destroying credit, which is confidence—on some security. But there is no security. For a year Governments have indulged in grotesque waste, evading economies, unable to Budget, directly encouraging inflation or depreciation. Now they are caught on prices and the unequal distribution of credit. As we stand to America, France stands to us and Italy stands to France. It is a deadlock. Such is the result of the criminally stupid cry of the industrialists: "Put your money in industries," and Hurrah! for the Coalition.

People did, and the more they invested the higher prices rose, until to-day there is no limit to their possibilities in the conditions deliberately created of controlling Europe's credit and production on inflation. That is the cause of the high prices. To recapitulate them. Monopolist credit based on Government inflation or paper; the elimination of competition through (1) the Treaty, (2) import tariffs or protection, thereby enabling credit to force the retail market owing to the *controlled*—deliberately controlled—scarcity; the consequent shortage of supply plus prodigal abundance of money due to Government inflation; that is, of course, why, for instance, the consumer is to-day limited to six

ounces of sugar, whereas London is glutted with high-priced sweet and chocolate shops; also why this year there is to be no sugar for home-made jam. The trade scoops the pool. The sugar, like everything else, is to go to the trade, at the expense of the public. The result of all this is monopolist or Trust prices—Trust and Government profiteering. Our milk is a scandal. Our boots are paper. Wool and ships are a fair "knock-out." Putting our money in industrials has enabled Capital to corner credit, that is, to fix prices on a manufactured scarcity, and so where Europe's one chance of recovery lay in free trade, opportunity of credit and production, co-operation, Europe to-day is a congeries of non-economic units, unable to buy or sell, to produce or trade, and the "fruits" are visible here in prices rising to a point threatening the extinction of the middle-class, and still the debt is growing, and now even the Entente nations cannot trade because between them their rapacious but foolish industrialists killed the golden goose of their own mechanism.

It is a frightfully fascinating problem, not only highly potential from the multiplicity of the "complexes" involved (thus Bolshevism, Labour—conscious that the remedy lies in deflation, not in inflated wages, exchange chaos, political chaos, Treaty chaos, League of Nations chaos, etc.), but bewilderingly attractive to the philosopher speculating on the manner of our egress from the old order. As we stand, civilisation is moving either towards complete credit monopoly—power, that is, over "raw," prices, Governments and democracy in the hands of the few or capitalist estate at the *expense of the middle-class*, which must consequently be crushed—or civilisation is moving towards an adjustment of economic mechanism, which will bring about a wider distribution of wealth, of credit and of purchasing-power, seeing that no alternative exists for our mechanism and that the only way to improve is to adjust it. The former issue will depend upon the middle-class because the integer is prices or capacity to pay, and the solvency of that class is the stake. It is thus a direct middle-class question, as the so-called "black-coated" brigade has begun to realise. If prices can always meet wages—and again prices can continue to be met by inflation—Capital may win for a time, yet not for long, for we live by foreign trade; we must

import food, and the more we depreciate currency here the more we depreciate our credit abroad, as we see by the falling exchanges.

Credit stands or falls on confidence. Now the moment the middle-class withdraws its confidence credit will crash. It is withdrawing its confidence. Another year of inflation and there will be no confidence left, for prices with the lowered purchasing power of money will equate on a negation. And again, if the Government face the debt and attempt to Budget, their policy must be deflation. To deflate, they must tax. A real transfer must be made from the pockets of the people and from capital. When that experiment is tried I fancy it will lead men to study political economy pretty hard and to seek an adjustment of mechanism which will ensure a wider distribution of credit and wealth instead of a narrower distribution, as at present contemplated by the profiteers.

None the less, that is the only way out. Deflation is the word. The dead weight debt must be faced. We must Budget. We must stop Government inflation or printed money. We shall have to reconcile ourselves to effect a real transfer of value from Capital to the State. All policy must be cut down to our capacity of payment—all the dreams or nightmares of imperial adventures must give way to economic facts. And if we borrow, money must be effectively taken from the people. Our immediate business should be *war on prices*—deflation. War on Capital which keeps up these high prices. In a word, Capital must accept *narrower margins of profit*. To effect this, our mechanism will require adjustment, the end of which will probably be the limitation of individual wealth, which is at once a philosophy and a corrective.

We need not discuss that here; the process will be slow and will probably take some years. The point is that the policy of "all for trade" or a class has resulted in a foreign policy which has reduced Europe to sheer chaos and a home policy which, using the Government as banker, has run up prices on a fictitious and profligate prosperity which, the moment it is deflated, must bring about a pretty considerable crisis. In the process, principle, statesmanship, economic laws have been sacrificed, and so we are faced with an *impasse* due directly to Government extravagance

and bad thinking working in and for industrialist monopoly.

"Pegging" the exchanges will only prolong the agony; nor will an international financial council produce any higher wisdom than that the present economic chaos is due to the Paris policy, and that unless that policy is righted the economics will go from bad to worse, for what is needed is not super-production but *controlled production*, and what is wrong is not the mechanism or its indicator, the exchange, but the inequity of the distribution of credit, the grossly anti-social incidence of prices and of purchasing power as the result of capitalist monopoly producing not *for utility or for requirements, but for profit.* Finance has arrogated to itself a sovereign estate of control, not creating wealth, whether old or new money, but depreciating wealth, not to distribute credit but to corner credit with the object of determining prices according to the rise in wages. Credit is thus no longer credit, it is a tyranny. The struggle thus for the new order has become an ethic and will be fought out on that issue.

Meanwhile the question is the Budget. Will the Government again "funk" the position or will it face it? There is no quick remedy. We can only deflate by making peace and allowing Europe to produce; by cutting down the Services to certainly not more than £100,000,000 a year, by removing the loaf and other subsidies, by funding all Government paper money; in short, by budgeting on an expenditure of £2,000,000 a day instead of on £4,000,000 of borrowed money. And then—taxation. Quite £1,500,000,000 could be raised out of war profits, really transferred, that is; and certainly we could wipe off our American indebtedness, which is the first step towards solvency.

The social aspect of the problem as the result of this inflation is a national peril, for what we find to-day is a new big class, a real plutocracy, *paid for doing nothing*, whereas the rest of the community pay for these dividends on a depreciating currency. That is the inevitable result of unproductive expenditure, and so to-day the State cannot find money to carry out the reforms promised, to build the houses, etc. There is no money for productive expenditure because all the money has gone into unearned increment.

Now this is really an unproductive debt which the workers, brain and manual, must pay for in increased prices. The capital or dividend side of the population literally lives on the money-earning side in a disproportion too flagrant to be borne tranquilly. For the most part these gentlemen are war profiteers; their money is national credit, it does not legitimately belong to them, and most certainly they did not earn it. Capital, profiting by world shortage, used the State to fix its own inflation, wholesale and retail; that is the reason of the extraordinary prices. The money does not exist. No real transfer has ever been effected. Credit has used Government credit to inflate itself beyond any fundable basis. Thus to-day we have a new class of men who can live in princely luxury, earning no money and doing nothing, whose dividends, whether in stocks or loans, are paid out of the labour and capital of the workers, and these privileged profiteers out of war will give nothing in return: literally, they form a "kept" class at the expense of the community; they are an unproductive debt on the country. Now when it is considered that their wealth was derived from State credit, it is ridiculous to argue, as Mr. Chamberlain does, that capital cannot be levied. If not, then State credit is of less importance than private credit. We repudiate national credit in order to secure the dividends of war profiteers. It is unthinkable. Over and above a certain sum, all profit made out of the war should be re-transferred to the State, and eventually will have to be unless we mean to drift into revolution against a system which signifies that the men who fought in war henceforth will have to work for the capitalist class who made money out of the war—at the State's and the consumers' expense. That is the ethical side of the profiteer position. It is world-wide. Unless adjusted, it must lead to world social revolution.

The economic position is that, having consumed our real capital, we find ourselves deluged with inflated capital which finance would have us legitimatise by depreciating the currency at the expense of the producers of wealth, *i.e.*, labour, physical and mental, and the real problem lies in the solution of this monopolists' claim, ultimately, that is, an adjustment of mechanism. It is almost inconceivable that the Government should continue to fool the people

with another year of inflation in view of the rising prices inevitable from world shortage, absence of competition and control of credit in the hands of the very people seeking still further to debase the world's purchasing power; which is, of course, the explanation of the great amalgamations, the new Trusts and the new "imperialism" involved in Lord Leverhulme's financial activities. When these huge combines distribute "bonuses" and shares to their shareholders, they are really dealing with national credit; with credit based on State security transferred after war to individuals which some time or other the workers will have to make real value. What has happened is that the paper credit raised in war by the State has been transferred to private capital, but it remains inflated capital, so that in great part the debt the nation owed to the State it now owes surreptitiously to the monopolists working together in interlocking control of credit—for profit. That is a dangerous social position. It affects the middle-class quite as much as the working-class. It is the American Trust system using wealth not for the good of the community but for profit and individual power, and as such it is anti-social and evil, and the negation of our war ideal.

The extraordinary fallacy of the business men, who apparently thought that a debt of £8,000,000,000 had by some mysterious fashion enriched the community, has led to a vicious circle, the dangerous nature of which can be seen at a glance by any man who thinks. Now the cry is—production, and the story is—wages have run up prices. In reality, both are falsities. As an example, take flowers. Why are they so fabulously dear? Has labour touched them? Not a bit. Their price is dictated by profit banking on scarcity. Now take theatres. With a choke in their throats, managers tell us prices must rise—labour again. What is the truth? The truth is that during the slump in 1917 speculators bought up theatres; one ring controls five, another individual owns three or four, and the result is a theatre rent profiteering unexampled, so great that unless a house is full it does not pay. Meanwhile the capitalist owners smile and scoop the profits. It is the same with wool, boots, paper, glass, china, etc., etc. Take houses. Rents have jumped to preposterous heights. In London the rentals of old barracks of houses are being doubled;

utter shameless profiteering is the landlord's cue. He follows the leader, that is all. Inflation has led to a "no price" condition. Wages are far behind prices, in fact, so far behind that labour is barely a bit better off to-day than it was in 1913, and a minimum wage of £5 a week would only just secure a man with a family subsistence. The real cause of prices is capitalist profiteering. Capital rushing in and buying cheap in order to force up prices on the scarcity to sell dear. Look at housing—what has been done for those 350,000 cottages? There is no money—it must come off the rates. Of course. But now see the great shops building enormous new emporia in London. Watch the Shop Trust amalgamations. There are hundreds of millions to build Trust shops with, but no money for cottages. And this is typical. Capital is "going on" as if the nation had no debt at all. The truth is, Capital is pledging its credit in "enlarging business."*

It is liquidating itself so as to avoid a levy on capital value. That is the colossal scandal of this business inflation. Business since the armistice has used the national credit to enlarge plant, works, capital, so that when the State asks for a transfer none will be possible—the stuff (on paper) having all gone into industrials, as will be found later, at the public's expense. For this credit will have to be made real through taxes, direct and indirect; and so the Government have participated in the game of inflation in collusion with the profiteers, itself sharing the profits as a concealed indirect taxation. Thus coal, (probably) the railways, shipping, etc.; and the great munition factories, store places, etc., erected on the nation's credit have been sold to private capitalists, who have thus secured splendid cheap bargains, the real money for which will all have to come out of the pockets of the consumer at a future date.

To put it succinctly, what has gone on since the armistice is this. Capital and speculative finance in collusion with the Government have seized the opportunity of credit in-

* Their answer is, of course, that capital must be set going. This is to steal an advantage on the chance that it will succeed. But the debt and our liabilities remain. No such advantage has accrued to the consumer, who will thus have to work and pay for both speculative and the dead-weight debts.

flation to build up a vast profit potential which they hoped to make good by deliberately manufacturing a foreign trade scarcity at the expense of millions of human lives (see Sir William Goode's report on impoverished and famine-stricken Europe), and thus to secure a great trade start over Europe and a complete home grip over "raw," credit and price. And this regardless of the fact that we are actually £700,000,000 short this year, plus the debt, plus the falling value of the sovereign, which in the past paid for 40 per cent. of this nation's food. It has been a wild and wicked gamble, lacking in all statesmanship, contrary to all economic laws, and inconceivably foolish, except to speculative finance, which has now got its claws in everywhere, and, even at a crash, can sell out at a huge profit.

People who imagine I am romancing will shortly discover that every word of this is true. We now have racing enthusiasts who have bought up cotton*; financiers who own a bevy of London's theatres (not for art but for profit), etc. The whole tenour is towards the Trust, *i.e.*, the control of prices, and this at a time when the nation needs great economic statesmanship, or it must suffer in the coming years unbearable hardship. The new thing is this financiers' speculative grip. They are in everything, from Fleet Street to Jerusalem. They operate not to run newspapers in the country's interest, theatres in the cause of art, factories to improve social conditions, cotton to make better cotton, shops to sell better goods, oil to make petrol cheaper, soap to enable the poor to wash more, ships to enable Britain to live more comfortably, but *for profit*; to secure monopolistic conditions and so fix prices. Largely these men work for power only. It is a disease, a game in numbers. They cannot stop. Money means little to them individually. Their pleasure is the mechanism. And now, realising that the ramp must shortly end, they are selling out and going into food production. Not that they know anything about food production or that their object is to improve or cheapen food: their object is profit. As one of these foreign gentlemen told me naïvely the other day: "I'm only dealing in food now; that at any rate can't slump and can't be levied."

* The reel is now 10*d*. The profits are millions.

The question is: Will the consumer accept this outrageous unproductive debt for which it will have to slave for a generation? I think the answer will be found not in politics but in political economy. And the key to the whole position is America's willingness or power to finance it.

We are entering upon a new phase which must sooner or later take the form of a social war against credit monopoly, in which struggle the consumer or middle-class will play the decisive part. There will be no escape from this. Our economic mechanism has become abused, that is the truth. It will have to be adjusted, or there will be no industrial peace in the world, no equation for production and no recovery from our hopeless economic strangulation. Many of the really "big" men realise this, thus Vanderlip. And the League of Nations will stand or fall upon its solution, for the only basis for such a League is economic co-operation and opportunity, failing which the League will merely be another tyranny which the new social idea of man will overthrow. Our, and the world's, problem is this. How to adjust our economic mechanism? How, that is, to ensure a wider distribution of credit and of wealth?*

The only way out is to return to economic laws and face them. We shall only reduce the debt by effecting a real transfer to the State; we shall only avoid bankruptcy by meeting expenditure by taxes. The first step is to balance the Budget. We must deflate—credit, money, prices—and policy, and find an equation for production. The country will not settle down to work for the dividends of war profiteers. If then in March Mr. Lloyd George, preferring more wars, more chaos and more imperial adventures, banks again on inflation and refuses credit and the right to work to Europe in peace, he will inflate Europe into self-combustion and Britain into middle-class revolution.

* The real position is obscured by a fictitious export prosperity, due to the shortage and the fantastic prices obtained for coal, wool, cotton, which gives us a record export figure. But in quantity our exports are far below 1913, and, unless the exchanges can be rectified, the falsity of this "boom" must shortly become apparent. We are still buying half as much again as we sell, chiefly wines, tobacco, silks, motors, furs, films, etc.—*i.e.*, we capitalise waste.

Faîtes vos jeux, Messieurs

By Austin Harrison

The world's difficulty was never more clearly illustrated than in the simultaneous utterances of two men, one a politician, the other a soldier. The politician, Mr. Arthur Balfour, with the cynicism of the decadent aristocrat, unmasked the League of Nations as a council of the "same men" (who failed at Paris) with the "same objects," meaning the "same thing." General Gough, speaking to the Oxford University Labour Club, told the simple truth, that the Russian "White" propaganda was lies and tittle-tattle, that our Russian policy had been incredibly stupid, futile and treacherous, and that we had alienated all Russians through our trickery and foolishness. The one spoke like a politician, the soldier spoke like a true man. Such is the world's problem. Politicians control and they lie. No man knows what to believe or whom to believe. Nothing happens because there is no sincerity, no understanding. And this while Europe sinks into starvation and bankruptcy and bankers in Britain wonder what crisis the next week will not bring forth?

Now the brutal truth is that politicians do not matter, they can merely delay the inevitable, provoke trouble, cause men's deaths, kill more women and children, increase our debt, and so on, yet in fact only one thing governs the world as the result of the war—credit, which, unless it is restored to stability, must involve the world's economic mechanism; and this means that only economic conditions control. Those who read this Review will recall that a year ago our present crisis was foreseen in its pages, and in the January and February issues, 1919, we insisted that an international Financial Council should be convened without delay; that the whole European problem must be treated as one economic unit; we showed that an indemnity was a matter of transfer of value, as is a capital levy, and that only by recognising Europe as an economic whole could we save Europe from disaster. At Carnarvon I told Mr. Lloyd George's constituents what would happen if they allowed him to play politics. Politicians, however, wasted a year

with "poppycock" blather, and so at last we are on our world points, because America will not underwrite chaos (as we also predicted), and the healing balsam of truth has driven the two conflicting negatives from power, and even the bankers are to meet, not to talk pimples but—common sense. It is a beginning. "Honour has come back, as a King, to earth"—let us hope the poet is right.

Mr. Lloyd George, who has the feminine intuitive sense, has not been slow to react. We must open Russia, he tells us. Now, considering that on wheat from America we lose 6*s*. in the pound and that Australia had a poor crop, he spoke, to say the least—sensibly. Indeed, we must open Russia. That is the first step to recovering reason. The next is credit. Our new little friends have no purchasing-power, no credit. We and they cannot trade, hence M. Millerand's presence in our midst; hence, too, the returning sanity of the French Press. Now what is the position of France? It is a very sad and critical position. Our France is a key factor, and rightly we all want to help her; she put up a magnificent fight; we certainly will do our utmost to restore her to prosperity and plenty, but if France wants revenge and Napoleonic negation, then either we shall go down as she goes down in the inevitable general decline, or we save her, as a strong swimmer rescues a drowning man, by strength and superior technique. It is of the utmost importance that French politicians—France has precisely the same difficulty that we have in this respect—should understand elementary economics, in which the French by temperament are curiously deficient. France, in short, must make up her mind what she wants—peace or war. If war, then we in Britain will have to tell her bluntly that we cannot finance more war, and that, as America also refuses, neither can she. On the other hand, if France wants her exchange rectified and will be guided by our bankers, then she can hope to re-establish prosperity—yet only on one absolute condition, namely, that peace is made real, to effect which Europe must be salved, shriven, and capitalised as one economic unit.

Let us forget politics and analyse the true economic position. Now the position of France is more precarious

than that of almost any other country in Europe because of (1) her enormous debt and refusal to tax herself, (2) her losses and declining population, (3) her colonial possessions which she cannot populate, yet withholds from other Peoples who could exploit them, thereby retarding economic development to the harm of the whole. France is on a non-economic basis; as the military control of Europe, she literally can only be *saved* by following wise counsel, by abjuring Napoleonism for practical economics, by recognising that she, *as military dictator*, is in a highly dangerous position, growing yearly more untenable and indefensible, *unless* she welcomes a new order and sincerely co-operates in the task of fashioning a democratic Europe founded on economic opportunity instead of on strategic fear and bourgeois rapacity, as at present designed in the futile Treaty of Versailles. The Englishman who, through ignorance or parrot patriotism, encourages the French to play Louis XIV., is no friend of France. Every newspaper article here lauding Parisian Press diatribes of hate and prejudice harms France and harms Britain, for the ghastly truth remains, and all bankers, economists, and sound thinkers in the world know it. It is that, militarily, France cannot hope to endure without Russia and America, and that we cannot bankrupt ourselves for a *panache*. If Paris was worth a mass, Paris is not worth a world mess. That is the long and short of it, and the sooner our French friends understand that the situation is in every essential economic and not political or imperial or strategic, the quicker we can begin to help her. But we cannot unless and until she frankly understands that only right economics can restore peace and credit. Let me put it in this way. When France realises that Mr. Maynard Keynes wrote the truth and that politicians at Paris wrote a Treaty of economic nonsense, then we can begin. Otherwise not all the lotteries, loans, lies, soliloquies, sophisms, and lullabies in the world can save France from destroying herself and Europe.

The unkindest service we can render France is to quote silly Parisian paper chauvinism—it is only talk—and egg her on to play Napoleon-Bismarck, unless we here are prepared to maintain conscription and pay a military matricular

contribution of some £300,000,000 a year to the French Budget. Alone she has neither the men, the money, the ships, the credit, nor the strategic position to held or justify by force or by right such a policy; nor can she finance Poland, who by the Treaty is re-created as her fighting satellite. Poland is bankrupt. Wedged in between Russia and Germany, Poland must trade with both or starve, especially as she is on a lower cultural plane to either. She cannot play Horatius Cockles to France, as designed by M. Clemenceau, and when the bankers in Great Britain come to calculate the costs to this country of financing a militarist Poland enlarged at the expense of the two largest empires in Europe, thus inevitably hostile, and *inform* the electorate, it will not need a general strike to induce politicians to represent to France that circumstances, conditions, and conjunctures unfortunately prevent the realisation of a policy that must bankrupt Poland as the preliminary to bankrupting us. In sum, the Treaty has to be revised, root and branch. And France must accept the inevitable. She must believe in her own Anatole France, not in archaic France. She must send bankers over here, not Blockade Ministers, even if for the first time in her history she has to *let us do the talking*.

Fortunately, there are signs that the new French Government is becoming aware of France's difficulties, but tinkering will not suffice; only full realisation of the facts as they are will enable us to pull France out of her quagmire and "frying-pan" politics is no use at all. I will just intimate the policy that we and France must now pursue if we wish to avoid the full fate that must overtake a policy of hate and destruction. Now the first thing is credit. Here the line is America. We have to show America that we mean peace and will permit Europe to produce and recover, and America will without any question underwrite: fund credit, stabilise the exchanges, and restore the mechanism of trade, which depends simply and solely upon confidence or the measure of security forthcoming. Under the Treaty, that confidence can never be established. The credit problem thus depends upon a revision of the Treaty, based not upon military considerations, but upon economic utility, with due respect to national interests. The

two great blots on the Treaty are the Saar Valley annexation and Upper Silesia, which has never been historically Polish and can never be made Polish without continuous danger to the economic life of Europe and to the peace of the world. Both these "dis-annexations" are pure Napoleonism. The Reparations Committee must be abolished; it is an iniquitous implement invented to "dish" the League of Nations; and the German indemnity must be fixed, according, not to M. Klotz, but to the capacity of payment, at, say, £2,000,000,000, which is quite the utmost we shall ever get. Then we can begin. If not, France will find her exchange getting worse, her debt growing, her trade becoming more and more difficult as she finds she cannot buy from friends and friends cannot sell to her, and she will destroy Italy, the Serbs, the Poles, and the Czechs, and—this. *Labour and Liberalism control politics here to-day*, no longer a coalition of "jolly good fellows, every one." And that, too, is a key position. The Alliance will depend ultimately upon that evolution. We in Britain, however, intend to make a new order somehow; we intend to get away from secret diplomacy and war systems to make war romantic and necessary. We intend to start Europe in honour afresh, to give Europe her chance, to win at least something out of the war higher than dividends for the class that did not fight, made on other men's blood, and, if French politicians will not agree, will not help, will not be sensible enough to see that war systems to-day spell ruin to all, why then we must pray for her, inspire her, and lead her gently by the hand through the counting-houses, where money is not merely paper and good French wine is (still) drunk and imported.

The most chauvinist of French militarists must realise that a nation of 37,000,000 cannot aspire to control all Europe, must admit that the Treaty of Paris is a sheer force imposition, must know that it is the prelude to another world war and to innumerable "corrective" wars, in short, to a regular cycle of adjustment warfare. Now America has paid her "debt." She is not likely to fight again for "liberty" this side of the ocean. Who then is to pay for this conquistadorial design? France cannot Budget. Her excess of imports over exports is grotesque and must con-

tinue so for a long time, and she has lost Russia and her drink exports to America. If she cannot trade with Russia, will not with Central Europe, or rather will not allow Central Europe to procure credit to restart trade, how does she propose to live with a Budget of £1,500,000,000 met with a revenue of £600,000,000? That is why the franc is so depreciated. She is buying twice as much as she sells or can produce, spending more than twice that she can raise by taxation, and incurring fabulous liabilities on the top of that of a militarist or non-productive character, as if money was mere *papier maché*. It cannot go on without dragging us into the *impasse*.

Now Europe has been regrouped on military lines for military reasons which France cannot finance. Who is to finance this system? We cannot. Not only that, we dare not pretend to try, as explained above. What then? In reality there is no question. Brutal facts control, and these facts are that the entire Treaty must be revised on the *economic conditions* which alone will enable us all to recover, regardless of militarism, imperialism, or politicians. Europe has fought herself off the gold standard into a paper inequilibrium which is no standard unless funded on a potentiality of production, which again implies trade; which is the exact position negatived by the Treaty, and is the cause of depreciating currencies and so falling exchanges and approaching chaos. To diagnose effects, we must examine the causes. They lie in the Treaty, which set up a de-industrialised, re-militarised Europe in the hope that the impoverishment of the one side would enrich the other. It was rotten economics, that is all, and rotten will be the results. Such is the position. That is why America refuses to underwrite.

Apart from the Treaty clauses which affect the enemy, implying the pauperisation of Europe, sheer incredibly foolish things are being done. First, America. When the Prime Minister associated himself with revenge rather than with construction, he knifed President Wilson: who, as Britain's sincere friend, came to Europe to found hand-in-hand with us an Anglo-Saxon Europeanism. His discomfiture at Paris not unnaturally lost him the support of

Americans, whose slogan consequently is, "Out of Europe." This is the reason of the so-called American difficulty. We slew our friend—for a hate. We alienated American sympathy. We have consequently made our task infinitely harder, indefinitely perilous, and we have settled nothing and are unsettling everything, and everywhere we are creating chaos. The second colossal blunder is Russia. Criminal treachery is the only word. We supported and paid Russian Nationalists to fight, while ourselves engaged in carving up their Russia, and that is why Denikin has been worsted and Koltchak shot. Just consider. Poland has seized one huge chunk out of Russia's carcase, about the size of Britain; Roumania has seized Bessarabia; Esthonia, Lithuania, are "liberated"; to cap the folly, Georgia is filched away and the Baku oil region, and we wonder that Denikin's Army wilted! Now America refuses to recognise these excisions, and so great is the feeling among Russian Nationalists that Trotsky can to-day afford to restore the old Russian officers to their privileges and traditions, and so the Bolshevist Army is fighting itself into a first-class Nationalist arm exactly as, through similar pressure, the French revolutionaries were welded into Napoleonism. Does any man seriously imagine we can maintain this dismembership of Russia? It is madness, and we shall very soon be faced with the option of fighting Russia united nationally on the issue or "clearing out."

Again, take Poland. As created, Poland is the war-spot of Europe; this is the work of France, who has made of Poland two certain Alsace-Lorraines. Both Russia and Germany will view her precisely as in the days preceding the partition. Yet Poland is perhaps the weakest military nation in Europe, bankrupt, a people largely illiterate, crippled with persecuted minorities, literally armed to flout and fleece the two major Peoples of Europe, who will inevitably conspire to remove this disturbing element. When we think that Poland cannot finance herself, is an agricultural land, and that the Poles are an emotional, bigoted Catholic people notoriously like the Irish, only maniacs could imagine that "Greater Poland" stands for peace. Such a Poland stands for war, and was so designed by

France. I ask: Shall we finance a war-spot deliberately to make war? We shall not, and most certainly I state that the first thing a properly elected British Parliament will do is to revise and rectify this absurd militarist erection which we cannot pay for or fight for; which, whether regarded culturally, industrially, economically, or militarily, is a definite challenge to Western thought and civilisation.

Then the Mandate imperialism. In absolute secrecy Mr. Lloyd George is disposing of Peoples all over the world in the spirit of the African and Chinese grab, saddling us with vast obligations, incurring gigantic liabilities, smashing the League of Nations, its entire spirit and justification, in a wild orgy of predatory partitions—the very evil we fought to remove and for which 800,000 Britons died. We suffer these silly things because we have no Government. Europe has a Supreme Council minus a head, without a policy or principle, acting week by week on impulse and opportunism. It is creating wars in every direction. It is even jeopardising our friendship with America as it has lost us the loyalty of Nationalist Russia. When Mr. Chamberlain talks of reducing the Army, does he realise the gravity of his words? If he disbands our Army, what will happen to Poland, marooned between implacable foes, compelled to keep 500,000 men under arms; or to Esthonia, which, I understand, private individuals are financing on lumber concessions; to Georgia and Baku; to all the new Balkanised Europe, all bankrupt States, all bound to militarism, all created for war? They can only exist on our finance and arms. The hour that we really demobilise and withdraw credit, the row will begin, and then what? Shall we desert them, as we deserted Denikin? Shall we finance Germany to do the fighting or fight ourselves? Such is the position. All Europe is reset and primed to cut throats. It will end in the whole structure collapsing or in a rectification war, quite possibly led by Russia. Thus we stand like a "plunger" at Monte Carlo with all his capital on the table, at whom the croupier grins and, with his hand on the lever, cries out: "*Faîtes vos jeux, Messieurs!*"

The Unconscious Charlatan

By Thomas Moult

Much mandarinic laughter from the thrones of the mighty went rumbling through the last decade of art when one or two foolhardy individuals ventured to suggest as the first principle of literary criticism that the critic himself shall, actually or potentially, be a creative artist. Perhaps it is as well that, because of the unassailable position for the time of the mandarins, we of a later age find ourselves with the necessity of reintroducing and enforcing it. For in our support have been added useful examples of bungling by the aforesaid mighty ones in their critical pronouncements, due to this very lack. They were suckled austerely on the superstition of their time that there is a separate critical gift, apart from that which every creative artist is endowed with, however atrophied in him the faculty of judgment may eventually become. It was natural, therefore, that our generation should be provided with the ludicrous spectacle of Matthew Arnold attempting to classify Shelley, first as a mere satellite of Byron, and latterly as the beautiful ineffectual angel. Actually, of course, Arnold was himself a creative artist. Had not in some incomprehensible way this, his better nature, been thrust aside whenever he sat in his critical chair, the artist in him would never have allowed the perpetration of such futilities. Futilities, except in so far as they show us that a creative artist does not necessarily turn out to be a good critic. . . . Perhaps this subjugation of his creative instinct during the process of criticism is the explanation of Arnold's present subordinate position all round. Although he and his admirers would have been staggered to know it, in a department of letters demanding the exercise of the intuitive faculty more than anything else, he trusted his intellect alone.

It is only natural that, after such an emotional orgy as we experienced during the years of the European War, art

should be encumbered with a charlatanry of quite the opposite kind to that of Matthew Arnold's, though just as unconscious. If intellectual appraisement in literature was wrong, so is the sheer and often hysterically emotional criticism that appears to be the prevailing note. It is as if for the moment emotion had triumphed over intellect in the throw of dice for the soul of criticism. This emotional triumph, this fashion, had its counterpart in the Victorian Age also, and it is profitable to turn for a moment to Mr. Gosse's chapter in his *Life of Swinburne* describing the reception given to the first publication of *Poems and Ballads*. Denunciation was, needless to remark, on one side pretty thorough, and in the last resort it forgot to be anything but moral. We can appreciate, even if we differ from, one critic where he compared Swinburne to "a composer who should fill his orchestra with trumpets, or a painter who should exclude every colour but a blaring red and a green as of sour fruit," and where he found himself "in the midst of fire and serpents, wine and ashes, blood and foam, and a hundred lurid horrors." Quite plainly and simply that particular critic's one legitimate faculty, that of intuitive imagination, had failed him before the intuitive imagination of gianthood. But when he proceeded to switch on the searchlight of the moralist he was like the present-day critic who quarrels with the contemporary "Georgians" because their general conception of Nature, as expressed in their anthologised poems, is one of benignity and tenderness, and not altogether of ruthless cruelty. It is as much beyond the critic's boundary to proclaim such a poetic outlook as "maudlin" as it was for the critics of Swinburne's day to condemn *Poems and Ballads* as the work of "an unclean fiery imp from the pit," and "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs."

The changed attitude of to-day towards the poetry of Swinburne is, noteworthily enough, identical with that which was adopted by the creative artists of his own time. It was George Meredith, the last man, surely, to have truck with "the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière," who wrote to the poet "not to care"; it was Lytton, the Rossettis, Richard Burton, Whistler, and Burne-Jones who vainly endeavoured to focus public attention on the consummate mastery of his

instrument which Swinburne had revealed throughout the volume. Not for nothing were these defenders creative artists. They alone proved to be true critics, as Swinburne himself, in other circumstances and despite his exaggerations, has so proved in his turn. They alone could get beneath their mere intellectual and emotional predilections and approach a poem or a painting with imagination, the first quality that matters in a critic, for if he possess it, to him shall all the other qualities be added. That Iago is evil, that Lear's elder daughters have cruel and avaricious hearts, that Sir Andrew Aguecheek is a fool, concerns us as critics not at all. We accept them for what they are, and because a great poet has given warrant (as Oscar Wilde put it in one of the excellent studies recently republished by Methuen and Co.), for their existence. That Swinburne's lilies and languors, roses and raptures, unpleasantly scented though they be to our ethical noses, that there are poets who have found a summer garden beautiful and not merely an uncomfortable place where insects fall into one's tea-cup, are artistic realities which must be granted before we can claim the right of judgment upon the artistic presentment. Messages, morals, teachings—we shall find these in a work of art only if we refuse to look for them. Mr. Walter de la Mare, in his exquisitely written lecture on *Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination*, has lately recalled how, "when Mrs. Barbauld had the temerity to charge 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' with two grave faults; first, that it was improbable, and next, that it had no moral; Coleridge cheerfully pleaded guilty to the first charge, while, as for the other, 'I told her that . . . it had too much—that is, for a work of pure imagination.'" And Mr. de la Mare goes on to ask, "Will it satisfy 'serious' inquirers if it be suggested that these poems of Brooke's are manifestations of the intellectual imagination? Probably not. They demand of a poet a definite and explicit philosophy. They desire of him a confirmation, if not of their own faith, then of his. But it cannot be too clearly recognised that the faith of a poet is expressed in *all* that he writes. He cannot, either as a man or as a poet, live without faith; and never does. A few lovely words about lovely things is an expression of faith; so, too, is all love, all desire for truth, all happiness. If we have

such faith ourselves, we shall find a poet's faith expressed implicitly throughout his work."

If only our critics would frankly confess and discard just half of their hitherto unconscious charlatanry, looking for a confirmation in the poet's work of his own faith, forgetting for the moment their own! Such a sacrifice would do so much to save them—from themselves, and the wrath to come. Granted, of course, that they also possess that other necessary part of their equipment, something of a creative gift. For in the last resort the authentic word lies with the critic who is able to reconstruct, step by step, the creative process from the first recognition of the universal in some local and entirely insignificant thing, through the discovery of a symbol that is capable of representing the poet's emotion in terms of his art, to the final achievement. The one test of art (the other tests concern only the quality of it) being that of sincerity, it is only by such method that artistic insincerity can be detected. Plainly this truer critical appreciation is beyond the mind of minute analysis, of cold classification. It is also beyond the emotional neophyte, being a combination of neither, and yet of more; for every intellectual and emotional quality is so transmuted thereby that the critic is, in the end, as little able to specify how he arrived at his judgment as Swinburne would have been if anyone had been fool enough to ask how he wrote "The Forsaken Garden" or "The Triumph of Time."

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Books

ECONOMICS.

Economic Democracy. By Major C. H. Douglas. C. Palmer. 5*s*. net.

We shall return to this book, which is nothing less than a scheme for transforming the world's economic mechanism, and as such needs very technical and speculative consideration. For the moment we can merely indicate its purpose. First, the author diagnoses, and most serious economists will agree with his claim that an adjustment is necessary, owing to the want of inducement to labour unable to better their slave conditions, and to the anti-social monopoly of credit, used not for the utility of the consumer, but for profit and power. In a word, what is wrong is the unequal distribution of credit which, with the war, has reached a point of unbearable pressure on the middle-class, which will grow worse as inflation compels artificial production and exports on further bank credits. Here Mr. Douglas hits the bull's-eye. He does not think that finance will "get away with the spoils." He insists that, as the new Labour movement progresses from within, from the bottom up, so industry, if it is to save itself, must deflate from within, from the top downwards. In other words, purchasing power is the key, and credit must be controlled if there is to be wider distribution, and production must be controlled if there is to be a wider and higher general purchasing power. His actual scheme is highly technical. But with his diagnosis we agree. And we advise all serious thinkers to get this little book, which is as remarkable for its criticism and suggestiveness as it is for its brevity. Much will be heard of it, here and in America.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Younger Son. By G. A. B. Dewar. Grant Richards. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. Dewar introduced into the chapter on his career at Oxford a delicious little story of a divinity student who had been instructed by his "crammer" to learn by heart the kings of Judah and Israel, with their dates—"the grand essential to success in divvers." But, instead of the test for which he had so carefully prepared, the examiner demanded what he knew of Elijah and Elisha, and to distinguish between them. "Far be it from me," was his reply, "to draw an invidious comparison between two such eminent men as Elijah and Elisha; but the following is a correct list of the kings of Judah and Israel." We would not, of course, characterise Mr. Dewar's book as a piece of bluff so monstrous; but what are we to call an autobiographical volume that tails off at its most vital point into mere essays on the colour of Italy and the flora of the Alps? His main predilection is for natural beauty, and he possesses some sort of gift of exposition; but in his chapters on the war he has taken an attitude

for which a good many of his readers will demand fuller warranty than the book provides. Unless they be the "old men," who will naturally applaud their author's bland assumption that there is not, and never has been, any question about the essential rightness of conscription, imperialism, whole-hearted hatred of Germany, and so forth, and particularly the right of men outside the military age limit to stalk the land, young-man-baiting. The further right of the aforesaid older men to relax in salmon-fishing on the Scottish lochs while their juniors were undergoing the untold agony and mortal suffering of the trenches in France will not be questioned quite so bluntly as the taste that talks about it. Mr. Dewar's pages on *The Saturday Review* and journalism generally are very interesting.

SOCIAL AND WAR.

THE SUPERSTITION OF DIVORCE. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Chatto and Windus. 5*s.* net.

MR. CHESTERTON starts from the Catholic law relative to divorce, so that, of course, in his opinion, the case is prejudged. None the less, he has written a pretty little volume, playfully balancing the pros and cons., philosophising neatly with that verbal ingenuity of phrase which to-day pleases perhaps more for what it may mean than for what it does mean. As usual, he hits the stars occasionally; where he fails is in practical realisation of the new-world fact—namely, that women are no longer bound body and soul to obey the man they marry, just as to-day men do not demand that the women they marry should come to them a virgin. The problem of marriage is to-day a woman's problem, and it will be adjusted by women, seeing that they must be invariably the losers in any maladjustment. Originally, marriage was a purely man-made law, in which women had no voice and no right of opinion, and it was an ecclesiastical law. To-day, ecclesiastical laws no longer bind. If the family will always be the unit, marriage will certainly undergo very sensible changes as we emerge from the ages of convention into the new era of reason and sex equality founded on economic qualifications.

THE GREY WAVE. By MAJOR A. HAMILTON GIBBS. Hutchinson and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

PHILLIP GIBBS, the author's brother, has written an introduction which contains all the criticism needed to recommend one of the best books of the war. As he says, this volume is "honest, vital, and revealing"—which is true; and, again, the incisive mind of the brother-writer points out that, like so many other officers who have come through the fire, he clearly has "not yet found the key to the new philosophy." "They are perplexed, illogical, passionate, without a clear purpose"—all which is again true and curiously evidenced in the emotionalism of Major Hamilton, so very different from a mind like Henri Barbusse, who clearly has seen what is wrong in civilisation, and, with a Frenchman's logic, has already made up his mind to fight for the new order. As we get further from the discipline of war, the soldiers recover individualism, and so to all who know the facts it is not surprising to read this denunciation of "red tabs," of profiteers and munitioneers, of smug "patriotism" at home getting

rich on Government credit driving the youth of the country to the trenches—for what? That is the question. In a couple of years probably all Europe will not only ask that question, but see the answer, and then the sickly brutality of a war which became purely a capitalists' war will be realised. In this brave, bright book we can learn what a natural soldier went through, what he thought, how it left him bruised and rebellious, seeking he knows not what. This is the real stuff. And this spirit is what made Britain. Let us hope Major Hamilton, reduced to a "sub." the moment he was gassed, will win to a philosophy of construction as nobly as he took up the business of destruction.

LIGHT. By HENRI BARBUSSE. Translated by FITZWATER WRAY. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 7*s.* net.

THOSE who imagine France to be all Clemenceau should read this heart-cry by Henri Barbusse, whose book, *Under Fire,* was the most widely read in France among the soldiers. It is a full man's story, the revelation of the new man who will rebuild Europe. He shows us the "little man" at first intoxicated with patriotism, he shows us real war, finally he shows us the spirituality of a man who sees the truth, who realises, who returns to fight for a greater life. In France, Barbusse has founded a school; he represents the thoughtful soldier; his is the call of the artist for a new order. It is a remarkable work, absolutely honest, passionately human. He writes with a fierce logic, splendidly fearless. And his mission is humanity, not the convention of the Churches, but international humanity. It is highly characteristic of France that this book should be a fighting soldier's confession so extraordinarily different from the France of the politicians.

THE NEW GERMANY. By GEORGE YOUNG. Constable and Co., Ltd. 8*s.* net.

HERE is a book which makes a man proud of being an Englishman. The author is an old diplomat, fought and then went to Germany, not to tell the stock lies, but to discover the truth which is presented in this volume, like a gentleman. No "poppycock." No propagandist vomit. Just a brave, straight Briton mending, as it were, the broken spirit of his late foe with the heart of the hero we love to read of in story books, yet in politics so rarely find. Mr. Young has a trained mind, and he is a natural journalist, but with this distinction. He was not "sent out" to write to orders; he went out to see for himself—he is that rare thing in modern journalism, an impersonal witness. He is free. He has probably got as near to facts as any man in a book or out of it. At times he is brilliant. But the story of it all is of immense importance to us, and no man who pretends to talk politics should miss this vivid account of Germany from within, written by a man who has no axe to grind, no commercial object in view, and belongs to no political gang. What he has to say is of direct significance to every man and woman in these islands on whom the responsibility for the Treaty will rest for good or for evil. In the author we have a type of the new European who in time will create—something new.

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